



I Became the Hero's Bride!

– 용사님의 신부가 되었습니다! –

- Part 1 -

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[Myoniyoni Translations]

- STORY -

There was once a hero.

Unique black hair. Excellent eyes. Contrary to his delicate features, he who had abnormal strength was called the Otherworldly Hero.

At the hero's long adventure (up to the point where his wooden sword that had been kindly granted to him by the king was replaced by the holy sword blessed by the holy maiden) he saved the prince that had been kidnapped by the demon king, and so the kingdom was swept by worry.

The hero's strength that could fell the demon king was deemed too dangerous to leave unrestrained.

One advisor spoke up. Why not marry him to royalty?

The king thought that was a viable option. Family, to an alien from another world would be the best of chains. There was one problem. The king was abundantly blessed with sons and had princes galore, but not a single daughter.

Ho, and it wasn't like I could marry off two boys.

At a burst of inspiration the king slapped his knee.

That was it!

You just had to turn a prince into a princess!

And so the hero ended up in a position to be marrying a man.

This story, is a tale of the aforementioned otherworldly hero, and his bride, the former-prince-now-princess and their ridiculously hilarious marriage.

Chapter 1

This Story Is...

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Chapter 2

Have you gone mad?

The whateverth year of King whatever's reign. One day, at the famous tourist attraction that was the demon king's castle, the seal on the demon king broke. It seemed that a tourist had accidentally removed the demon king's seal to take home as a souvenir. The unsealed demon king brought her scattered forces, and rose up with the demon king's castle as their base.

The demon king, very much like the thirsty bitch the history books made her out to be, kidnapped the kingdom's young boys and started a feast overflowing with roses.⁽¹⁾ The kingdom, enraged decided to perform the hero summoning ritual to bring a hero from a world where heroes were said to gather.

The ritual was a success, and the young hero wearing odd clothing 'Park Minwoo' was summoned. However, contrary to the kingdom's hopes, Park Minwoo was drunk on chuunibyou and stirred up all sorts of troubles, and meanwhile, the thirsty demon king, having realised that she had no princes in her collection, created the incident where she stole the prince known as the kingdom's treasure, Prince Clarice.

The shunned hero Park Minwoo received a single wooden sword and left on an adventure as if he was being kicked out. All expected the hero Park Minwoo's journey to end in failure, but on the contrary, to save the only person who treated him brightly in the foreign other world, he endured harsh trials and temptations, maturing in the process. And so Park Minwoo defeated the demon king and proudly returned as a genuine hero that had saved the prince.

And now, when everything had been resolved peacefully-

The palace was faced with another problem.

"Hasn't the kingdom already chased out the hero once before? Who knows what resentment he might hold if we ignore him again!"

"But if we give him power now, then there will surely be problems in the future. Even now you can hear people chant his name as soon as you step outside the palace, who

knows what they'd do under his bidding?!"

Neither the Prime Minister nor the Commander-in-Chief were giving each other an inch in their argument. Stuck between them, the king groaned with a hand planted on his forehead.

At the present, the palace was faced with a problem arguably even more troublesome than the demon king.

It was how to deal with the hero. Having returned from defeating the demon king, at the fervent pleas of Prince Clarice, who had said he wanted to treat his benefactor, he was currently living in the palace. Perhaps it was due to the cold way they had treated him in the past, but the palace was at loggerheads with itself on the hot seat.

Although he was spending time peacefully for the time being, there was no way they could comfortably host the hero who had strength even greater than the demon king.

Whether they should leave him in the castle as is, or give him a title and send him to the regions, or trust in his sincerity and give him command over the palace, opinions were thrown around the tabletop debate.

As the debate heated up and the king was about to tell his advisors to calm down, the Minister of Internal Affairs, who had been quiet till now, offered a suggestion.

"Your highness, how about marriage between him and royalty?"

"Marriage?"

Both sides of the table turned to face him.

"Yes. If the hero becomes family with the royal family then he will not be able to bare his fangs so easily."

"Hohhh..."

"As well, under the excuse of looking after the hero who has now become part of the family, it will be easier to put him under our surveillance."

"A good plan. As expected of the Interior Minister."

"Your servant is thankful for your praise."

The Internal Minister looked to the Prime Minister and Commander-in-Chief and smirked, shrugging his shoulders. Ho! As the two let out irritated noises, the king

rubbed his chin and said.

“But I only have princes so how could this work...”

“Then Her Highness’ side of the family...”

“Her Highness married into His Majesty’s family, so they are not royalty, are they not?”

“I’m afraid the Interior Minister’s gotten so old he’s forgotten how titles worked.”

The Prime Minister and Commander-in-Chief smirked together. A vein bulged out on the Interior Minister’s wrinkled forehead.

The king sighed as if he truly regrets it.

“Huuuhh, it’s not like I could get the hero in a gay marriage with the prince...”

Flash!

As if struck by lightning the king yelled ‘That’s it!’

“How about we turn the prince into a girl and marry her off to the hero?”

.....eh?

At those brilliantly stupid words the gallery quietened down like they’d been doused with cold water. As they glanced at each other it seemed like they were all thinking the same things. The advisors all looked to each other for them to represent them all.

In the end the Interior Minister who had first suggested the idea reluctantly opened his mouth as if he had been forced to eat mustard.

“Your Majesty. May this shameless servant have permission to ask you a question?”

“Hoho, to think you’d call yourself shameless, how rare.”

The king’s eyebrows twitched as if to urge him on.

“Your Majesty.”

“Hmm?”

With a worried face the Interior Minister asked.

“Have you gone mad?”

At those direct words that could indeed be called shameless the king couldn't help but start laughing. The advisors, having finally caught onto the joke, relaxed. They say laughter is infectious. The meeting room where you could have heard someone gulp was awash with laughter.

Hahahaha.

Kukukuku.

The Prime Minister that had been cracking up smacked! the table.

“As expected of Your Majesty. Your humour is on another level entirely! For a moment there I really thought you were serious!”

The Interior Minister who had been clutching his belly button clapped! his hands.

“While we're at it, how about compiling Your Majesty's jokes into a book? The treasury will be overflowing with cash!”

At those words people started putting their hands up left and right.

“Reserve a volume for me!”

“Hey now! What's with only one volume? You should order at least ten for your entire family!”

Hahahaha

Kukukuku

The king's face hardened.

“I'm serious?”

The peanut gallery froze instantly.



The Rien Palace where the princes resided. In a room in the deepest part of the palace, there was the one who had been gone through the ordeal of having been kidnapped by the demon king, the fifth Prince Clarice, was being protected.

“Father. Your son Clarice greets you.”

When his father the king came to see him, Clarice said according to protocol. The modest personality that remained unchanged even after the suffering at the hands of the demon king was suited to the one called the treasure of the kingdom. In contrast, his appearance that resembled the queen gave him a pitiful aura, which tugged at the heartstrings of all that saw him.

“Is your body alright?”

“Yes. It’s all thanks to Father and everyone else, and... the hero that’s looked after me.”

The slight happy flush that bloomed on Clarice’s face when he mentioned the hero didn’t go unnoticed by the king.

“Well, he’s still in the kingdom due to a certain someone begging and pleading for him to stay, isn’t it obvious?”

“Father!”

Clarice blushed brightly as if he truly was embarrassed. Laughing jollily, the king thought to himself,

‘He’s really my son but sometimes I wonder if he really is a son.’

“Clarice. Do you like the hero that much?”

“.....I yearn for him.”

That was the truth. Unlike himself who had only grown up being protected like a flower in a greenhouse due to his status as a prince, he couldn’t forget the figure that frolicked around(=chuunibyou) despite being in a foreign world while receiving the cold shoulder and being ignored by those around him.

He never could have done that if he had been in his shoes. He wouldn’t have been able to go on an adventure with a single sword, nor would he have been able to righteously break into the demon king’s castle and shout his name in front of all those demons,

while bravely yelling he had come to save him.

As a fellow man, to Clarice, the hero Park Minwoo was his respected idol.

“Hm... yearn, you say. How much?”

“How much?”

“Yes. For example...”

The king asked as if he was being flippant.

“Would you want to marry the hero if you were a woman?”

“Ehhhh?!!”

Clarice jumped with his face blushing bright red. It was a reaction where you couldn't really tell if he liked that idea or not. The king led him on and threw out some more bait.

“Noooo~ the hero is a brilliant man even to your old man, well then why not. If you were a woman, that is.”

“That...”

“Do you dislike the idea?”

“Nooo... It's not that I dislike the idea. No, that doesn't mean I like it either...”

Clarice wavered with his face flushed like it would burst at any moment. His head was spinning with surprise and embarrassment. Why is Father asking me this all of sudden?

“Pick one or the other. Clarice.”

“Uhh. Father, do I have to answer?”

“Mm.”

The king nodded with a stern face. It would be nice if he looked after national affairs with that enthusiasm.

As if to swallow his shame, he clenched his eyes tightly shut before quietly mumbling.

“.....yes.”

“Hm? You want to marry him?”

“M, marriage... Th, the hero is... an, amazing person.”

He was so embarrassed he was about to die. But as the king smiled sagely and answered in turn, Clarice froze up immediately.

“Then do it.”

???????

Clarice raised a bunch of question marks.

“Eh?”

“Then get engaged to the hero. This father will back you.”

???????

Clarice raised a bunch of question marks.

“Eh?”

“I know you heard me. Don’t pretend that you haven’t.”

That wasn’t the problem.

“I heard you, but I don’t understand... Please scold your dim-witted son.”

And so the king explained slowly and clearly so that even a dim-witted son could understand.

“I will contact a sage to create a sex change potion, then you will drink it, become a woman and get engaged to the hero. This father will help you.”

As if he had understood, Clarice nodded his head and asked.

“Father. May this shameless son have permission to ask you a question.”

“Hoho. There are a lot of people asking for shameless requests today.”

The king’s eyebrows twitched as if to urge him on.

“Father.”

“Mm.”

Looking like he was really worried, Clarice asked.

“Have you gone mad?”

Chapter 3

It's Clarice

Having been asked if he was mad and kicked out of his son's room, the king left the Rien Palace and went to look for the hero Minwoo. Minwoo wasn't hard to find. In the middle of the training grounds. Amidst the soldiers and the confusion, the helmetless man stood out with his unusual black hair and delicate features.

More than anything else the unique aura Minwoo emitted basically screamed 'I'm here.'

The sudden appearance of the king threw the training grounds into an uproar. Both the soldiers still bashing away at each other and the ones spreadeagled on the ground in exhaustion immediately jumped to attention as if their feet were on fire. Meanwhile there was one person who still carried himself casually.

"Your Majesty?"

Listening to Minwoo's matured voice, the king was reminded of the rampant brat that was Minwoo when he was first summoned.

'His voice was still reedy like a boy then, how time's flown.'

"Thank you, hero. It seems like you were teaching the soldiers the sword."

"No, no. I simply did what I had to."

"Had to?"

Minwoo looked towards the training dummy at the corner of the training grounds.

"When I first came here, there were people that taught me the sword when I knew absolutely nothing. I wanted to repay the favour."

Favour. The king dipped his head while stroking his beard. Body and mind he was most certainly a hero. The soldiers that pretty much surrounded them were looking at Minwoo with inspired faces. Likewise, the king too, was moved.

‘To think that that rampant brat could grow like this. Just where did that idiot who shouted light novel or isekai high schooler shitstorm or I’m a main character went to.’

The past of when he treated him like an imbecile came up and poked at the king’s conscience. When he thought about what he was going to do, he’d have to pray he wouldn’t get stabbed.

“And Your Majesty.”

The hero stood to attention and said,

“I’m no longer a hero. You don’t have to be formal with me.”

Since the demon king was no more that meant he was a civilian. The king could only smile and think,

Oi, how the hell am I supposed be cozy with a civilian that can beat the demon king.

“Since that’s what you say I guess it can’t be helped. I have something to talk to you about in private, so let’s be elsewhere. Minwoo.”

The king looked past Minwoo to the soldiers behind him.

“Since everyone else looks uncomfortable to be here.”



In a separate meeting room, the king started talking.

“Minwoo, do you have a woman you’re seeing right now?”

“A woman I’m seeing?”

Minwoo turned his gaze away and sadly answered.

“N, no I don’t...”

Very sadly for him there wasn’t.

Although not to the extent of forming a harem in another world, he was kinda hoping for a sweet loving relationship with a girl that loved him. There was no such thing.

Even when he was beating the crap out of the demon king, there was no such, thing...

“Hm. Then do you have a woman you fancy?”

“Woman I fancy?”

Minwoo lowered his head and answered depressingly.

“N, not even that...”

Very sadly for him there wasn't.

He had a lot of women in his surroundings. But there was no normal woman that could stir his heart.

The mage? A hopeless woman who would go my prince my prince every other day. The vice-captain of the knights? The pervert who went around stripping calling it womb power was nothing short of an embarrassment.

The priestess? Aiya. She was no holy maiden (聖女) but a lewd maiden(性女).⁽¹⁾ She was totally out of his strike zone. To the point he wouldn't touch her even if they were the last humans alive.

Even though he had thought of the possibility of a light novel situation with the demon king, (something like “Be mine! Hero!” while shaking a gigantic pair of breasts⁽²⁾) but when he saw the demon king in person she was a fujoshi beyond help.

“That's a relief.”

“R, relief?”

The king took a sip of tea and smiled.

“I was actually thinking setting up an engagement for you.”

Minwoo was horrified.

“Engagement?”

“Hm? What's the matter?”

“N, nothing. It just reminded me of some bad memories...”

A clearly fearful reaction. The king clicked his tongue.

“Do you not want it?”

“O, of course not! Yes I do! But just who is that person...”

Minwoo gulped. An engagement on the recommendation of the king. Unlike his harmless uncle appearance he was more akin to a snake so even if on one hand he had a bad feeling about this, on the other he was happy at the thought that he’d finally have a light novel-like love comedy in this other world.

He was 18 years old. A very passionate age. Even though he was a hero he was still a (former) healthy high school student. Although it had been a long time since he had faced reality and overcome his ‘I’m the protagonist!’ chuunibyou, his otaku nature embedded to his bones hadn’t been lost.

And didn’t some light novels start after beating the demon king?

“Clarice.”

“Really. A beautiful name...”

Minwoo immediately stopped talking.

“Who?”

“It’s Clarice.”

The king answered brightly. Minwoo’s face gradually morphed into a strange expression.

“By Clarice, you mean, Your Majesty’s son, him, the Fifth Prince, him, the one that was kidnapped by the demon king, him, the one I rescued, him...”

“It’s Clarice.”

Seeing as he couldn’t finish his sentence the king smiled brightly and finished it for him.

“You’re right. My son, the Fifth Prince of the kingdom, kidnapped by the demon king, rescued by you, the treasure of the kingdom who’s beautiful down to his name.”

The king smiled brightly and hammered the final nail in the coffin.

“It’s Clarice.”

Minwoo was reminded of something.

That BL was also a thing in light novels.

⁽¹⁾ Both pronounced the same (성녀) but the corresponding hanja character representing them are different, leading two VERY different meanings. A pun.

⁽²⁾ 99.99% sure this is a Maoyuu reference, but that demon king and this one are 100% different types of demon kings so...

Chapter 4

Not even in your dreams

“I’m so sorry! Hero-nim! I’ll apologise in place of my father!”

When Minwoo headed over to Rien Palace and told Clarice that the king had tried to set up an engagement, Clarice’s face turned blue and he bowed deeply.

Father is mad but he is well and truly off his rockers. He wouldn’t even have dreamed that he would have said something so ridiculous to not only him, but the hero as well.

“I’m so sorry. I definitely refused Father, but I didn’t think that he’d say that to you as well!”

“No, I refused as well. Don’t be so sorry. You don’t really have to apologise like that...”

“Of course not! The hero of the kingdom, saviour to the kidnapped boys, and my own benefactor... to think he’d try to marry you to someone like me of all people...”

Feeling deeply ashamed, Clarice couldn’t speak any more and hung his head. Minwoo scratched the back of his head and comforted Clarice.

“It’s alright. And don’t call yourself ‘someone like me.’ What’s wrong with you?”

“But I’m a man. An engagement with a man. It’s so disrespectful to you that I can’t look at you in the eyes.”

Clarice looked like he was about to burst into tears at any moment.

“Clarice.”

“.....”

Minwoo said with a hard voice.

“Look at me.”

As Clarice lifted his head, his eyes snapped open, surprised by the hero’s face so close to his. Minwoo smirked and kindly said,

"I'm alright. I was more worried that you'd be more troubled by this?"

"M, me?"

"Nn."

Minwoo cheerfully replied.

In the past. When the light novel-like 'otherworldly transmigration' actually occurred to him, there was a period where he was drunk on chuunibyou and created all sorts of dark history in the palace.

Just remembering it caused him to shudder and at the time he was immature and pathetic to the point of kicking his blankets high into the sky,⁽¹⁾ even the people who looked positively on him as the hero turned away.

And to him who became alone in another world, there was only one boy who offered his hand and smiled.

That was the boy in front of him now.

"In my case, I was wondering whether you were hurt getting paired up with someone like me, so I came looking for you to see if you were alright."

"Someone like me. Aren't you the strong and brilliant person who defeated the demon king and saved me?"

Minwoo sighed internally, and faced Clarice's clear blue eyes that were clearer than the blue sky and as pure as this boy's inherent nature.

"The one who made this hero as strong and brilliant as he is, was you. Clarice."

If you hadn't offered your hand to me back then, then the hero of now wouldn't exist. He was too shy to say those words, but instead Minwoo ruffled Clarice's fine brown hair as if he was stroking it.

"You flatter me."

Clarice's cheeks flushed as he carefully set his hair right.

'Whew. That was dangerous.'

Minwoo wiped the sweat off his forehead and sighed in relief. Somehow the uncomfortable rose bush had come right in front of his nose without him realizing it. Just a step further and he would have stepped on the BL route then and there.

When he saw Clarice up close, Minwoo's heart was shaken for an inestimably small period of time. Fine eyelashes. Eyes like gemstones. An elegant nose. Living up to his name as the treasure of the kingdom, Minwoo very briefly entertained the ludicrous thought 'this engagement would be alright?'

No matter how much you could mistake Clarice for a girl (when he first saw him 'it's a princess heroine!!' and had jumped for joy.) and although he was beautiful, as a man..... Not yet.

And the 'prerequisites' to allow the engagement were way too outlandish to begin with.

"And just how on earth did that old snake come up with the idea of turning you to a woman and marrying you off to me."

"I know, right. If Mother were to find out who knows what would happen."

Clarice had a kind personality but thinking about what catastrophes could unfold if his mother, who had nothing except flowers in her head when it came to her husband, came to know of this, he shuddered.

A thought came to Clarice's mind, and he propped his chin with his hands and said,

"The reason why he's trying to get Hero-nim and I engaged, might it have something to do with you, Hero-nim?"

"Me?"

"Ah! I'm not blaming you Hero-nim, what I was trying to say is-"

Aren't you strong enough to defeat the demon king? Perhaps being wary of your strength Father might be trying to set up an engagement between us. In that case, having tied you to the royal family it would be easier to put you on a leash, and if a child was born then well... wouldn't that be an easy hostage? Considering Hero-nim's noble personality there'd be no way you'd abandon your child.

"Th, that's possible. To think he'd use his own child as chains, that's a bit too much.

That old snake..."

"I can't really say anything against that... we, well since we both refused it doesn't seem like he'll go any further..."

"....."

"....."

A silence fell. The two people couldn't look each other in the eye. Although there was no way that would happen, the thought of marrying and having a child that was as majestic as the hero/beautiful like Clarice couldn't help but arouse odd feelings in both of them.

Minwoo couldn't stand the awkward atmosphere and changed the subject.

"Th, that reminds me. Clarice. You kept on going Hero-nim Hero-nim from a while ago, don't call me that. I'm no longer a hero."

It was what he had said to the king as well. Having understood what he meant, Clarice hesitated before answering.

"But, Hero-nim is my benefactor. To casually call my benefactor by name, it's..."

"I said I'm alright with it. Don't you want to call me by my name Clarice?"

"No, it's not that... It's..."

Clarice fidgeted with his fingers and murmured.

"It's embarrassing..."

"Ah."

"....."

"....."

And silence fell once again. Minwoo rubbed his cheeks and frantically calmed his heated face. Damn it. Why is this kid so cute even though he's a man. On the other hand, Clarice felt like he was an idiot for turning shy as soon as he stood in front of his idol. It was because he was so weak-kneed and timid that Father had started spouting nonsense to begin with.

Clarice couldn't stand the awkward atmosphere and changed the subject.

"Th, that reminds me. Hero-nim. Didn't you tell me earlier that you were training the

soldiers in swordsmanship earlier at the training grounds?"

"Yep. I was? Why ask?"

Clarice scratched his cheek to try and hide his embarrassment.

"Um, c, could you teach me swordsmanship as well?"

"Swordsmanship?"

Clarice quickly added on,

"Ah! It's not like you have to teach me! It's just..."

"Just?"

Minwoo playfully bit at the tail of his words.

"...I want to be as strong as Hero-nim."

Clarice's eyes were filled with the determination to be as strong as the hero he admired. Minwoo, embarrassed turned his gaze outside the window. Clouds were drifting in the blue skies, and servants were moving to and fro in the elegant garden. It was a peaceful sight.

Minwoo remembered the scenes at the demon king's castle. Red skies. Black clouds. And the BDSM plays that were occurring everywhere. Oww. Just remembering that caused his buttcheeks to clench. Minwoo had beaten down the boys in bondage suits that had been conquered by the demon king, charged into the demon king's room, where a horrifying spectacle awaited him.

Clarice had been wearing a frilly see-through wedding dress that left nothing to the imagination, and an orc had been threatening his chrysanthemum. It was a shocking sight that nearly made him drop the holy sword. Thankfully he saved Clarice before disaster could strike and thoroughly reeducated the demon king...

Hm, definitely. Having gone through an ordeal like that it was only natural that he'd want to get stronger to protect himself.

"Oi, I'm pretty strict, you know? I'm not going to take it easy. Will you be alright?"

Minwoo playfully smiled.

“Of course. On the contrary that was exactly what I wanted.”

“What? You... was that your fetish?”

“What are you saying!”

At Clarice’s shocked outburst Minwoo couldn’t help but laugh. Cajoling Clarice’s faux-angry eyes back to his cheerful self was a matter of course. Having completely forgotten the matter of the engagement the two spent their time going over schedules for sword lessons.

At that time. Neither of them could even have dreamed that the king had gone to the royal mage to ask them to make a gender-changing potion...

Chapter 5

So desirable

The residence of the royal mages, the magician's tower. There, the office of the youngest royal mage in history-slash-the hero party's mage was once again experiencing an abnormal day.

"Hehe. Hehehehe. Finally, I finally got it!"

Her age was around seventeen or so. The girl with round glasses and neatly cut purple hair was jumping around excitedly while holding a tightly wound roll of paper in her arms. The girl hurriedly unrolled the paper.

"Ahh... Prince Clarice. Just how on earth do you look so elegant in a wedding dress..."

Shockingly, that was a portrait of the Fifth Prince Clarice. And a very perverted one at that. They say beauty is in the eye of the beholder, but if a picture of a boy in a wedding dress in the arms of an orc making a double peace sign with an ahgao isn't perverted then what the hell is.⁽¹⁾

The girl, Senyun heard the rumours from the Citizens that Love Clarice Club, CLC, (Clarice nearly married an orc in the demon king's castle) and lost sleep for several nights over the rage of missing this limited edition bromide. Having been unable to stand it she trawled through the black market and finally got this bromide on her hands.

If she hadn't taken the role of buying time for the hero to get to the demon king then she would have been able to see Prince Clarice in a wedding dress with her own eyes. Damn it, what was I thinking back then. Ahh, the real thing would have been more beautiful than this? Huhihihihii...

Knock knock.

The sound of the knocking door brought Senyun out of her happy daydreams. Senyun ignored it and hung the bromide on the wall of her office. Surprisingly, that bromide

wasn't the only copy of its ilk. There were many others, all equally perverted. Not only the bromide, her entire office was filled with Prince Clarice's figurines, mugs, dolls, signature, all sorts of goods.⁽²⁾

Knock knock knock knock.

"I get it! Get in!"

Senyun yelled, annoyed. The door swung open as if it had been waiting for that moment.

"Ho..."

The man that entered could only groan as he came in. The mage captain could never get used to this room no matter how often he saw it. Because just as he was about to get used to it the number of weird things only increased.

"Sorry boss. I'm busy."

'Like fuck you are.'

"Senyun. The king is here to see you. Offer your respects."

The captain moved aside and behind him the king entered, royally stroking his beard, saw the inside of the room and immediately froze.

"Ho..."

The king too, let out a groan. Senyun ignored it and asked the captain.

"Don't you know that this is around the time that I recharge my Princeium? Get lost."

"W, wait. Senyun."

"Ehem. It's been a while, Senyun. Is it the first time we've seen each other since the victory ceremony?"

The king royally coughed and tried to act friendly with her. Senyun ignored it, lit up a fireball in her hand and said to the captain.

"Oi thaid get focked?⁽³⁾ Do you need me to set your ass on fire to understand?"

"No! His Majesty is here!"

"Khmm! Khmm!! Ehem!!!"

The king very quickly coughed. Haa. With a sorrowful face, Senyun put out the fireball, threw herself into a chair and glared at the king.

“Your Majesty. Why are you here?”

“.....Even so, I’m still the king of a nation so isn’t this treatment a bit too much. Senyun.”

“Very funny. The people all know that you cause incidents every other day. You just have to walk along any random street to hear the calls to drag you off your throne and enthrone the hero.”

“Senyun!!”

Please shut that mouth of yours. The captain could only rub his haggard face. Having heard the news of the prince’s kidnapping and immediately chasing after the hero, whatever had happened during her journey, Senyun had hardened. Her original sassiness had only gotten worse as well.

“You try adventuring with a useless hero and an exhibitionist female knight and a perverted priestess to beat up masochistic demon king army soldiers. See if you don’t lose more than a few screws in the process.”

“I know. I’m sorry Senyun. It’s all my fault. So please hear the king out.”

“Ha... I get it. Sit down.”

Senyun sighed and flicked her eyes over the sofa. Anyone would think that Senyun was the king here.

“Why are you here?”

“Before that I have something to tell you, Senyun.”

From the pockets of the king with a careworn face he brought out a tiny magic tool.

“Isn’t this a recording device? What’s this for? Does it have Prince Clarice’s voice on it or something?”

Senyun smirked and complained. The king nodded.

“It does.”

“Whhaaaaaaat!!?!”

Bang! Senyun slammed the table and bolted up. M, m, my god. The prince’s voice that

not even I'd managed to record...

"As a bonus my voice is recorded as well."

"I don't need that."

An immediate answer. For the however manyth time now the king coughed to restore his calm.

"Take a listen."

The captain, having received the magic device from the king input magic power into it. The device lit up, and voices could be heard from its depths."

-Clarice. Do you like the hero that much?

-To the extent that you'd marry the hero if you're a woman?

-.....yes.

-Hm? You do want to marry him?

-M, marriage... , th, the hero is... An amazing person.

-.....I yearn for him.

".....Your Majesty."

"What's the matter, Senyun?"

"Th, this, the fu, no, ha,..... is this real?"

The captain had never seen this pleading side of Senyun before. For the first time since coming here the king smiled brightly and said.

"It's nothing if not real. Senyun."

Senyun fainted.

In truth, that was the oft-called 'devil's edit.' The captain had gone over the magic tool that had secretly recorded Clarice and adjusted the circumstances accordingly. However having no way to know of this, just before Senyun fainted, she could only think.

'Prince Clarice has already had his heart and body tamed by the hero.'



“Ha!”

Senyun’s eyes flew open. Haa. Haa. Her breaths heaved as she wiped the sweat off her forehead, and spoke to the captain who was making sure she was alright

“Captain. I. Had a scary dream.”

“Senyun.”

“You know, what that dream was...”

“Senyun that wasn’t a dream.”

“What?”

She finally noticed the king that was leisurely observing the Clarice goods, was horrified, and screamed.

“You crazy little!”

The king laughed ‘ho ho,’ stroked his beard and looked back at Senyun.

“So Senyun’s love for our Clarice is incredible after all.”

It was incredible to the point where Clarice would faint if he ever saw it. Senyun stuck her nose up and puffed out her meagre chest.

“Of, of course! Although my short period of activity means I’m not in the inner circle of the CLC! You can’t discuss appreciation for the prince in the capital without me present!”

“Of course, of course. I’ll admit that as the father.”

“.....for some reason that doesn’t exactly feel all that great.”

Senyun sighed, picked up the limited edition Clarice shota figurine and looked at it with longing eyes.

“But that’s all over now as well. To think Prince Clarice would... the hero... to love that bastard...”

“Hm. Why is it all over?”

“Why is it over? That’s...”

The king had a rarely seen serious, solemn expression and said,

“An impossible love? Was your love for Clarice ‘only’ to that extent?”

“What?! ‘Only?!’ Your Majesty, what do you know!”

The king looked around the surroundings and replied to the enraged Senyun.

“I know very well. Just by looking at this office. Which is why I’m asking whether it only comes to that extent.”

“That, what...”

“As you say I’m an old fool who only causes incidents, but I haven’t lived this old without a reason.”

The captain thought. I think you have lived that old without a reason.

“This is what I think. True love! No matter how your own love can’t be requited, to support and be at the back of the one.”

“Your Majesty...”

Senyun’s eyes that looked on at the king’s passionate speech changed. Looking at the eyes that started firing up with excitement-

The king thought. Ah, this girl. Is really easy to fool.

“Clarice is encountering a difficult love right now. Surely Senyun, you know it as well? The love between two men.”

“That’s right. Prince Clarice is a man, and that bastard hero was a male.”

The captain thought. Somewhere down the line the hero was downgraded to an animal.

“As the father, I want to help my son’s love bear fruit. Help me. I need your strength. I wish for you to make a Potion of Changing Gender.”⁽⁴⁾

“P, Potion of Changing Gender?!”

Senyun gasped, thinking she hadn’t heard right. The king nodded sagely.

“Yes. Using that, I want to turn Clarice to a woman and join the two together. If it’s you Senyun, the granddaughter of the great sage and the one who has been passed down

his knowledge, wouldn't you be able to do it?"

"Of course! Aside from grandfather there's no mage that can surpass me in this kingdom!"

Senyun confidently puffed out her meagre chest. That was true. By pure magic skill alone, there was no active mage that could beat Senyun. Even the captain.

"But are you sure? Once changed, it can't be reversed?"

".....I only wish for Clarice's happiness."

Although the trap is that he doesn't necessarily care for Clarice being a woman.

"Will you make it for me?"

The king's quiet question caused Senyun to clutch her head with a serious expression on her face. She needed time to think. True love. That even managed to move Senyun who thought of the king as nothing but walking trouble. That had little to do with accepting the king's request.

When she had first left her grandfather's side and come up to the capital with dreams of being a royal mage, she had fallen to the prey of a fraudster. The one who had saved her then was Prince Clarice. Having secretly snuck out to observe his citizen's daily lives, even with his shabby disguise there was no hiding his eye-catching beauty.

Having fallen for her prince on a white horse at first sight, the first day on her job as a royal mage she immediately found out that was the Fifth Prince Clarice and felt the 'pink lit fate.' That very same fate that was described in the romance novels that she secretly read at night away from her grandfather's eyes!

It was a love that started with such fate...

"To think I'd lose to that ridiculous retard of a sea cucumber squirt anemone. Not even to a woman, to a ma, the hero..."

She was so enraged she felt like she would collapse at any moment. Furiously scratching away at her head, she looked at the secretly-taken photo of Prince Clarice from afar.

Yes. She knew it! That she'd acquiesce to the king's request anyway. Because she loved

Prince Clarice! To help fulfil Prince Clarice's love. But her heart still wasn't ready...

"Ah that reminds me. I have some comfort gifts for you Senyun."

"Comfort gifts?"

The king pulled out and unwrapped a gift box, and inside was a fragment of cloth. They were-

"Panties?"

Men's panties. Senyun scoffed. Are you playing games with me now. Disgusting. Why on earth would... Senyun's face hardened. From the panties, came a familiar scent.

"These are Clarice's panties."

Thud!

"Whhhhaaaaaat?!?"

With her reddened face Senyun looked at the panties, looked at the king, looked at the panties and with steam coming out of her nose she carefully took the panties with both hands. It was exactly like the movements of a priestess receiving a holy item.

"If you help me by making the Potion of Gender Change, I'll give you that. Whether you wear it or smell it is up to you."

"Ha, ha, haha, you're funny. Do you take me for a p, pervert or something? I'll have you know that I love Prince Clarice, but w, w, with this..."

"Ah, by the way, I've prepared seven pairs so you can change them every day."

"Deal."

They were panties that were just oh-so-desirable.

Chapter 6

When three coincidences overlap, it's no different to fate

"Are you sure that you aren't going to be carted off for lese majesty at this rate?"

That was what Minwoo, concerned, had said to Senyun when he saw her office. Her reply was,

"Hmph."

Whatever was on her nerves she just hmphed and continued to focus on Prince Clarice's magazine article. An icy treatment despite being the one who had called him over. Minwoo grumbled something about her personality having become even worse since the last time he saw her and threw himself down on the sofa.

"Oi. So why'd you call me."

"Hmph."

"No, don't 'hmph' me! Why did you call me over!"

"Hmph."

Senyun only twitched her legs that she'd been resting on the table, and continued to turn the pages. Minwoo was flabbergasted.

"....."

"Hmph."

I haven't even said anything yet? Just as Minwoo was about to make a scathing remark, he turned his gaze downwards and smirked.

"Oi."

"Hmph."

"I can see your panties."

"You little!"

Senyun hurriedly pulled down her skirt and took her legs down. Having made the observation that her panties were surprisingly masculine, he shrugged his shoulders at the flushed, angry Senyun.

“So. Why’d you call me.”

“You.....”

Senyun glared at Minwoo before sighing, opened a drawer and took out a medicine bottle. When she slammed it down on the table it was filled with a suspicious green liquid.

“What’s that.”

“Medicine.”

“What medicine?”

Senyun gnawed on the corners of her lips. She glared at Minwoo as if her gaze alone would shred through skin and bone. Senyun finally opened her mouth.

“Hmph.”

Twitch. A vein bulged out on Minwoo’s forehead.

“Oi! Are you seriously doing this?!!”

“Shut the hell up!! I have nothing to say to you so why the hell are you still yapping at me?!!

Kwwarr. A titanic clash of wills. Senyun, enraged was this close to slugging the medicine bottle away, but looking at the photo of Prince Clarice, grit her teeth and shoved it to Minwoo.

“Take it.”

“Don’t want to.”

A firestorm ignited behind Senyun.

“You wanna die?”

“Sorry.”

When he calmly took the medicine Senyun propped her chin up with her hands as if she was regretting something.

“It’s a supplement. Take it to His Majesty.”

“Supplement?”

“That’s right...”

Minwoo looked down at the sparkling green fluid. It looked like poison no matter how you looked at it.

“Did you really need me to do this?”

“Need?”

The corner of Senyun’s mouth twitched upwards.

“Says the person who kept on dicking around on our travels calling them quests.”

“Urk! Th, that’s a hero’s duty...”

“Yeah, yeah. This is a quest or whatever so bugger off. His Majesty will give you your reward.”

And calling up wind magic, she bundled Minwoo out of her office.



On the route to the king’s palace, Minwoo saw a familiar face.

“Clarice?”

“Hero-nim!”

Clarice, who had been on a walk accompanied by his servants, recognised Minwoo and approached him.

“What brings you here?”

Minwoo brought out the medicine bottle and shook it.

“I have something I need to give to the king. And you?”

“What a coincidence. I was on an errand for Father as well...”

“Really? What a coincidence.”

That's right. A coincidence

— According to later reports when Minwoo interrogated the mastermind(=king), all of the following events were. all. a. com. plete. co. in. ci. dence.

“Kyaaa! Thief!”

That the thief that had been running away bumped into Minwoo was a coincidence,

“Eh? Where's the medicine?”

That the thief had stolen the medicine from Minwoo's hands was also a coincidence,

“Wind! Blow away our enemies!”

That the mage corps that had been chasing the thief had used wind magic at that particular moment to send the thief flying was a coincidence,

“Th, the medicine!”

That the thief lost his grip on medicine bottle, sending it spinning through air and dropping it was a coincidence,

“Damn it!”

That the fired wind magic just brushed the bottle out of Minwoo's reach was a coincidence,

“Clarice!”

That Clarice just happened to be standing where the bottle fell was also a coincidence.

—Later, the words that Minwoo said as he gave the mastermind(=king) a hiding were “in the world I come from, we have a saying that ‘when three coincidences overlap that means it's fate.’

“Wha, whaa?!”

The medicine bottle that broke at Clarice's feet erupted in green smoke, and covered Clarice without a trace. Everyone, Minwoo included, could only stare at the catastrophe that occurred with their jaws dropped.

Without even the chance to do something, the green smoke started to fade away. And Clarice's coughing shadow would be seen through the smoke...

.....Minwoo had an inexplicable bad feeling.

"C, Clarice?"

Minwoo's worried voice was shaking. His hero's instincts, honed over countless battles and tribulations, were shaking his soul and screaming.

That you're fucked.

"He, hero-nim?"

The oddly high-pitched voice sought Minwoo out. What was with this difference. Even if the Clarice he knew had a very fair voice it 'wasn't like this.'

"Cough! Hero-nim!"

A small slender hand emerged from the smoke. Minwoo took hold of that hand and Clarice, Clarice...

".....Cla, rice?"

Minwoo murmured, flustered.

"Oh my! How on earth..."

The servants covered their mouths, shocked.

"Hero-nim? What's wrong?"

Blink blink. Clarice looked at Minwoo with docile eyes. Following along with his tilted head, the brown hair that almost came to the waist flowed with the movement.

Even though Clarice definitely had short hair.

A perplexed Minwoo's gaze went slightly lower. Clarice in Minwoo's embrace. Between them, were things that should never have been there.

Breasts.

Breasts bigger than your average women, milk jugs, titties, bust, were squished up against Minwoo's hard chest. A peculiar sensation that made one's head spin.

Maybe, just maybe.

"Clarice."

It couldn't be.

"Excuse me for a sec."

"Hiiik?!"

But when the forewarned hand made its way to Clarice's crotch and found nothing there. The face of the king laughing his ass off came to Minwoo's mind.

Shit. I fell for it.



"What's this?"

Clarice said after looking at his own face this way and that in the mirror that a servant had brought him.

"....."

Minwoo couldn't say anything. Because he knew he wasn't asking what the mirror was.

"Hero-nim. Was my hair always this long?"

Clarice fingered his now-wavy hair before looking at Minwoo with innocent eyes.

“.....”

Minwoo couldn't say anything. Because he knew he wasn't really asking out of ignorance.

“These are some amazing breasts. They're really heavy.”

Groping the breasts that stretched and jigged, Clarice said, amazed.

“.....”

Minwoo couldn't say anything. Because he knew that what Clarice wanted to let out weren't words of appreciation but screams.

“Hero-nim. Have I become a woman?”

Clarice reached his hand down to his empty crotch and smiled at Minwoo. It was a lewd act completely unbecoming of a prince, but there was no one here that would blame him for it.

“.....”

And once again Minwoo couldn't say anything. Because he knew full well that Clarice was the one who knew the answer to that question the best.

“Hero-nim.”

“Mm.”

Clarice's smile split and cracked.

“I'm going to faint for a bit.”

“What?!”

And Clarice blacked out.

Chapter 7

I'm a woman?!

Chirp chirp. Clarice woke up to the sound of birdsong. The sunlight streaming through the windows fell onto Clarice's face, and he woke up, rubbing his eyes. After a good stretch, savouring the morning air, Clarice murmured.

"Hero-nim."

"Mm."

"I had a really bad dream last night."

"Mm."

"Haha, I dreamt that a weird potion turned me into a woman."

"Mm."

"It must have been because of Father's ridiculous comments."

"Mm."

"Jeez that dream was horrible, my chest still feels heavy."

"Clarice."

"Yes."

"That wasn't a dream."

Ding.

The morning sunlight that fell on him, no, 'her' froze instantly. She lowered her head to the sight of two abundant hills that blocked her entire torso from her vision. No, what is this? Clarice's eyes shook without mercy. It was a Richter Scale 8.0 Super Magnitude.

"He, hero-nim. Something's not right. My chest has l, lumps on it. I've become Old Man Lump... Twin lumps...!"

"Calm down! Those aren't lumps."

"If they're not lumps! If they're not lumps!"

Clarice yelled at Minwoo in fear. Minwoo's line of sight strayed everywhere as they desperately drifted around those full breasts. No, do I have to say it?! Can I say it?! Is this something I should be saying?!!

“My chest...! Something weird’s there, what’s going on...!!”

Drip drip. Freely weeping tears the size of chicken gizzards, Clarice grabbed Minwoo’s lapels. Minwoo screwed his eyes shut, and feeling like he was swallowing needles, opened his mouth.

“Ah... It just happened, that the bottle landed in a particularly bad place...”

“What... what does that mean?”

“I was going to tell you after you’d calmed down somewhat. Clarice. Listen up.”

Minwoo grabbed both Clarice’s shoulders and faced him dead in his teary eyes.

“You’re a woman. In other words, you are a woman that can bear children.”

Thump!

“Wh, what? No, it can’t be, hero-nim! Ayuu...”

She cried, clutching her jiggling breasts and collapsing to the floor. They were pointlessly big to the point they actually hurt.

“I know you’re shocked, but calm down. Otherwise you might faint again.”

“Ahhurhhuu....”(1)

Minwoo lifted Clarice and laid her back down on the bed. Faced with the unbelievable reality Clarice flailed around and started bawling.

“I’m a woman, no I’m a woman! What is this bulls... Aaaagh! I’m a woman!! I, I’m a woman!! I, aghrhghh... (2) This isn’t happening, this isn’t happeningrahrhahharehe hagheghaah!(3)”

At her pitiful appearance even Minwoo’s eyes couldn’t help but tear up.



“Umm... Excuse me.”

After Clarice cried herself to sleep from exhaustion, the door opened and someone

entered. Minwoo, who up till then could only sigh despondently while looking at Clarice's sleeping face, turned his head to face the newcomer.

"Senyun."

"Urk!"

Minwoo's eyes were dark enough to even make the stubborn Senyun unconsciously take a step backwards.

"Wh, wha's with that gaze of yours, leering at someone like that."

"Senyun."

"What?"

With a blinking light at his back, Minwoo asked in a low voice,

"That potion. Was that really a supplement?"

The mood turned frigid and Senyun clenched her fists.

".....No."

It absolutely wasn't because of the icy atmosphere that Senyun fessed up. This was the first time she'd ever seen Minwoo this angry.

"It was a Potion of Changing Gender."

"Ha!"

Minwoo let out a laugh. Senyun quickly added on,

"I didn't think things would end up this way either."

"Wouldn't end up in this way?"

You bullshit on me and you die. Was what Minwoo's eyes said.

"S, sorry for fooling you. His Majesty said he wanted to give the potion to Prince Clarice as a surprise present. That's why I said it was a supplement..."

"And just why would a Potion of Changing Gender be a surprise present?"

Minwoo's face was that of someone who just didn't get it. Senyun started thinking that

this was all just ridiculous.

“You, do you not know?”

“What?”

“Prince Clarice li...”

Senyun shut her mouth. Was that right. No matter how much Prince Clarice liked Minwoo, it didn't necessarily mean that the two of them were dating. Senyun's hands furiously raked the sides of her head. How on earth could anyone be this stupid! She'd just instantly jumped to the conclusion that the two of them were already at that stage!

Minwoo suddenly stopped talking, looked on at Senyun's despair, and imagine what might have happened. This idiot. There was no mistaking that she'd fallen for the king's sugar-coated words that this was all for Clarice's sake.

In that case, the one who needed discipline right now wasn't Senyun but the king.

“Anyways. His Majesty, no, that field snake asked you to make a Potion of Changing Gender? To use on Clarice?”

“Hm? Oh, Yep. That's right.”

Senyun said blankly. For some reason it felt like she was avoiding responsibility but it was the truth.

“So that's what's happened...”

Minwoo murmured, before moving past Clarice to the door.

“Oi! Where're you going!”

“To beat up the king.”

“What? Beat up?”

“I'll trust you to look after Clarice while I'm gone.”

“Hold on!”

Slam! The door shut angrily. Senyun, who had been left behind not knowing anything, could only look at Clarice's peacefully sleeping face with pity.

How could she do anything. She was a victim, too.



They say that you meet your enemies on a log bridge. At the end of a long corridor Minwoo discovered the king moving towards him with his posse of servants. As Minwoo cracked his knuckles, the king, who had been leading the procession, flinched, stopped and turned right back round the way he came.

Naturally there was no way he'd let him escape. The sound of footsteps echoed in the hall. With clear and heavy steps, Minwoo strode towards the king.

"Please wait."

The words that came out of Minwoo's mouth were much more polite than what were originally intended. Incidentally, the correct way to interpret his words were 'stay right where you are, you little s***.'

"Ha, haha. What's the matter, Minwoo? Calm down."

The king couldn't even think of running away and held up his hands in a gesture to calm down. He'd known that he'd lose teeth for this even before he started all this, but that didn't necessarily make it any less scary. At Minwoo's merciless aura got closer, to say nothing of the king, even the servants were quaking in their cold sweat.

"Your Majesty."

"Hmm?"

"Clarice has become a woman."

"I, I heard. I heard it was because of Senyun's mistake in the potion? I was just going to check up on him now."

Minwoo smiled brightly.

"Your Majesty."

"Hmm?"

"Senyun told me, that that was a supplement that was requested by Your Majesty. Does it not ring any bells?"

"I, I mean, I'm sorry. Minwoo. Maybe it's because I've gotten old, I don't know anything..."

Minwoo raised his fist.

“Your Majesty.”

“Hmm?”

“It seems like you still have enough vitality to lie. Do you need a knock upside the head to understand?”

“Kn, knock upside the head. Ho ho, good joke. Should you be using such coarse words.”

So he said it very elegantly.

“Your Highness.”

“Hmm?”

“My fist is demanding that it knocks out some of Your Majesty’s teeth, whatever should I do.”

“.....”

Minwoo spread open all ten of his fingers.

“I’ll give you time to explain yourself.”

The king rattled his teeth and asked.

“Ten minutes?”

“Ten seconds.”

Wwaaaaahh!

“C, coincidence! Coincidence, I say! A coincidence!”

“A coincidence?”

Minwoo smirked and brightly parroted it back at him.

“Coincidence. So the thief sneaking in at that time was a coincidence, said thief snatching away the potion was a coincidence, the mage being there at that time was a coincidence, and that he used not just any magic but wind magic was a coincidence, that said wind magic would graze the potion and make it fall on Clarice was also a coincidence. Well, is that what you’re saying?”

“Th, that’s right! That was exactly what I was going to say.”

The king quickly nodded his head. As he did, as if he was amused, Minwoo tucked his

hand under his chin and asked.

“So if those supplements caused unforeseen side effects and caused a sex change. Was added on then that’d be even better?”

“Haha. It seems we’re talking on the same wavelength.”

The king rubbed his hands and begged to be spared. The servants that had been watching this shameless person all thought as one.

And you call that a king.

“Your Majesty.”

“Hm?”

“In the world I came from, we have a saying.”

“And what would th-”

Smack!

With a crisp sound of impact the king flew sprawled out backwards. Looking on at the horrified servants helping the king up, Minwoo shook his blood-covered hand.

“That three coincidences are no different from fate.”

Turning back towards the room, he added.

“Incidentally, I’ve already heard all this from Senyun. By all means please come with me.”

The king let out a weak laugh and wiped his bloody mouth. So he asked having already known. Hm? The king’s eyes opened wide. There were white objects fallen on the ground. Teeth. And having realised what they were the king noticed an empty feeling and felt around the inside of his mouth.

Indeed a hero. One punch three teeth.



Senyun sat beside Clarice's side quiet as a mouse. She gulped down her saliva that formed while admiring the beauty that seemed like the product of a master craftsman's sweat and tears, but remembered what she'd done to the prince and clutched her head. Whatever else happened from here, the CLC were going to kill her. Exile was given, but more than that it was certain that she was going to suffer the punishment of losing all her Clarice goods and never being able to be by Prince Clarice's side again.

'But at least I've done this.'

On the other hand she also thought 'so what.' So what if she'd be exiled. So what if she'd lose all her goods. She was someone who had helped fulfil the prince's love. At the very least it was better than being a coward that could only look from a distance.

.....And so Senyun scored a mental victory.

"Mmm."

Clarice's body turned. Senyun snapped to attention.

"Prince... no, princess! Have you woken up?"

She should be calling him princess now that he was a woman. Having accepted that line of thinking Senyun felt like her insides were being scraped out with sandpaper.

"Senyun? Where?"

Oh my! He said my name!

"Y, your room, princess."

"So that's..... Hm? Princess?"

Clarice's bleary eyes snapped open. It felt like cold water had been dumped over her with no warning whatsoever.

"Congratulations on becoming a woman. Here, a bouquet."

Senyun brought out a rose bouquet from her storage magic and gave it to Clarice. Having blankly accepted it Clarice started laughing as if denying reality.

“Ha, haha, hahahaha. I’m a woman... I’m a woman... Damn it, it wasn’t a dream...”

Why is she doing that? Is she too happy? Senyun thought, happily unaware of what Clarice was thinking. As if in time with Clarice’s heaving shoulders, her breasts jiggled around. Having noticed those overwhelming movements Senyun narrowed her eyes.

‘How is she bigger than me.’

It didn’t occur to her that she might just have been small, regardless of Clarice’s size.

“Hero-nim. Where did hero-nim go?”

As if to answer her the door swung open and the hero came in.

“Clarice? Are you awake?”

“Hero-nim!”

And the king followed behind the hero. With a beaten-up face.

“Ohh. Clarice. So you really have become a woman.”

“Father!”

The king looked Clarice over, rubbing his swollen cheeks before muttering,

“...I don’t think much has changed aside from the hair.”

“Father! Don’t say such words!”

Clarice’s horrified rebuttals only served to make her breasts swing and jiggle around even more. These breasts were pointlessly big to the point where she was actually self-conscious of them. They were heavy enough that her shoulders had actually started to hurt.

“Mm. It appears that you have turned into a woman.”

The king smiled proudly. Now that he thought about it, she took after the queen in not only looks, but also her bountiful chest.

“Father.”

“Hm?”

“Why do you have a nosebleed?”

Wipe. The king wiped his nose with his sleeve.

“You must have seen incorrectly. This is not a nosebleed, but from my mouth.”

“No. There’re bloodstains on your nose...”

“It’s from my mouth.”

“.....”

Minwoo smiled brightly (albeit firmly looking down at her thighs) and grabbed the king’s shoulder.

“Your Majesty. Don’t you have something to discuss before that?”

“Kh, Khehurm.⁽⁴⁾ Of course.”

The visibly shrunken king glanced around gauging everyone’s reactions and started his story.

Of the things he had done behind everyone’s backs to change his son’s gender.



When the king’s long story concluded, everyone’s reactions were as follows.

Minwoo said with eyes of disgust.

“I was aware that I’d seen you in the wrong light up till now... I didn’t think I’d see you in an even lower one.”

Senyun grabbed her hair and screamed.

“Wh, what have I done to His Highness! Aaagh!”

Clarice smiled with dignity as she comforted Senyun who was despairing on her knees.

“It’s alright, Senyun. You are not to blame for this.”

And then her elegant eyes flared with rage, her gaze aimed at the king.

“Is that not so? Father.”

D’hic. He couldn’t help but hiccup at his son, no daughter’s pressure emanating from her. A demonic aura burst out behind the beautiful and elegant girl. It felt like it could grab the kidnapper demon king by the lapels and smack her around.

Minwoo was shocked, and yelled,

“S, Stand?!” (5)

Senyun, sniveling, flicked a glance at Minwoo that said ‘and what on earth are you on about at this time.’

“C, calm down. Son. No, sweetie.”(6)

“Sweetie?”

Fhwick!

“Father.”

The scissors in Clarice’s hand were emanating a blue aura.

“If you wish to be called ‘mother’ from now on then by all means, keep flapping that mouth.”

“Hiiiiik...!”

The tips of the scissors were aimed straight at the king’s groin without a trace of error. At the pressure that would even make the demon king cry and run away, Minwoo and Senyun frantically tried to stop her.

“C, calm down! Clarice! You can’t cut it so cleanly and easily like that!”

“You’re right! Prince! Scissors are too kind so use a saw instead!”

.....even though they looked like this they *were* still trying to stop her.

Even so, as the unstoppable scissors continued their merry ‘snip snip’ dance to hand down their judgement to the king, a loud shout burst out to announce the arrival of royalty.

“Her Majesty the Queen-!!”

Everyone’s eyes turned to the door. The door swung open with a thud! and a beautiful woman wearing a brilliant white dress appeared.

The woman famous throughout the kingdom for her devotion to her husband, the queen.

Chapter 8

Take good care of her, son-in-law

“Make way for the queen-!!”

At the same time the herald's voice rang out, the servants opened the doors, and holding an elegant feather fan, the queen walked in with graceful steps. Her appearance was so similar to Clarice's that you could instantly tell the two were mother and s-no, mother and daughter. As for other traits, the sleek and glossy hair, kindly features, and abundant breasts that seemed to be filled with a mother's love.

Right behind the queen's grand appearance the assorted advisors filed in. No matter how large Clarice's room was, since more people filled the already chaotic space, it felt like it was hard to breathe in there. As the assorted advisors looked at Clarice's shocking genderbent appearance they exchanged loud mutterings with each other.

“Oh my god. He really did become a woman...”

“Totally my type? Hakhakhak♥”(1)

“Then is she really getting engaged to the hero?”

“Hwaaaa someone do something about this problem generator king”

Most of them weren't exactly pleasant words. Clarice's face started to darken, and just as Minwoo as about to howl bloody murder at the advisors, the queen snapped! her feather fan shut and solemnly said.

“Quiet.”

The assorted advisors immediately fell silent. The gaze of the queen that silenced them all with a single word swept across the chaos-swept room, and narrowed on seeing the scissors in Clarice's hands.

“Prince. What are those scissors.”

“Th, these?”

Clarice hid the scissors behind his back with an awkward expression on his face.

“Nothing at all. Mother.”

“Hm. is that so? And here I thought-”

The queen said as if she was throwing out a passing remark.

“I thought that our kind prince was trying to harm His Majesty’s body.”

“S, surely. Nooooot...”

Sweating bullets Clarice forced out a smile. I’m sorry. I was trying. I was going to turn him into a eunuch.

Whether she’d accepted Clarice’s explanation, or pretended to accept it, the queen’s gaze slyly slid over to the king who was still clutching his crotch.

“Your Majesty.”

“Wh, what is it, my queen?”

The queen fixed a gaze identical to Clarice, yet far harsher, onto the king.

“It seems you have created quite a dramatic incident while your wife was away at her parents’.”

It was a chilling voice that you would never imagine from the queen who normally spoke to her lord with honey-saturated words.

“Are you out of your mind?”

A plan to entrap the hero by turning his son into a woman and marrying the two. How flabbergasted she was when she had first heard the news while she was peacefully spending time with her parents. To the point where she’d nearly flogged the poor messenger for daring to use the royal family as the subject for such a poor joke.

“I, I’m sorry. My queen.”

“Your apologies shouldn’t be directed at me but our poor prince. A man turning into a woman. Imagine what would happen if word of this got out to the people. Think of the reputation of the royal family, what sort of disgrace is this?”

Minwoo had just been watching the show when his eyes narrowed. Disgrace?

“I’m sorry. Clarice.”

The restless king apologised to Clarice only to be met with a narrow-eyed glare identical to the queen’s. indeed, like mother like s- no, daughter, even their expressions were the same.

“.....I’m alright. Father.”

Although no matter who or where you saw this, Clarice was only barely holding in her temper with clenched teeth.

‘That’s...’

The queen’s inspecting eyes had roamed over her genderbent son before they widened on a particular discovery. Her gaze was fixated on Clarice’s breasts. Like mother like daughter indeed. As if they’d burst through the seams (even though her clothes should definitely be bigger on her due to her shrunken size as a woman) those greatly-increased shapes couldn’t help but be noticeable.

‘Ha... I didn’t realise since I only had sons. I’d hoped that any daughters I had at least wouldn’t take after these monstrous breasts...’

The queen’s chest that she unconsciously supported with her folded arms, were lifted up and bounced appealingly. The gazes of all the males present were drawn to that destructive power.

‘Shit son. Them titties.’

Naturally, the – quote Clarice – ‘noble-minded hero’ was not an exception. Let’s not forget. He was 18 years old. An age deep with desire.

“Ow! What are you doing!”

“Hmph. Pervert.”

Senyun tightly yanked Minwoo’s ears and leered at him with narrow eyes. The queen turned to the two that had started bickering again and lowered her head.

“I’m sorry. Hero, and mage. This lowly wife will apologise instead of His Majesty for sweeping you into his foolish antics. For that too, is a fault of the wife in not supporting her husband as well as she could.”

So the queen declared⁽¹⁾ while holding her dress with immaculate elegance to Minwoo who was flustered and had no idea how to respond.

“Hero. It seems that after turning our prince to a woman, it seemed that His Majesty was bent on engaging you to the prince like a snake sneaking through a gap. Having been about to be in the absurd situation of having to take a man as your wife, I will apologise in his stead.”

And next to Senyun who was grateful and had no idea how to respond.

“Mage. I heard how much you followed our prince. To turn your idol who you had been following so passionately into a woman with your own hands... Huuu, as a fellow woman I can only apologise.”

Having finished with her absolutely flawless apologies, the queen glanced over to Clarice who had been sneakily putting the scissors away.

“Prince. Come here.”

“Yes!”

As Clarice hurried to her side, for some reason the queen’s elegant lips curled into a grimace.

“Looking at you like this, you seem no different to me in my younger days. I do not like it.”

“Eh?”

Clarice replied blankly. When her normally odd but gentle mother looked at her and said she didn’t like it, it felt strange rather than sorrowful.

“Fu, it is nothing. You have had a hard time. Prince.”

“No. Your son, your son is alright.”

Hearing himself say ‘your son’ with his decisively feminine voice, for a split second Clarice was genuinely hesitant on whether he should call himself ‘your daughter.’

“The hero may leave now. The royal family will deal with Clarice on our own.”

The queen said to Minwoo, who was simply standing there. It seemed like Senyun was staying since she was in the royal palace’s employ. But something about the queen’s words stopped Minwoo from taking his hands off the problem.

‘On our own.’

Minwoo’s eyes narrowed.

“Just what do you mean, ‘on your own?’”

Having only seen the queen from afar up till now, having come face to face with her today, she seemed as proud as she was virtuous. It felt odd that she still felt like a gentle person despite whipping up an icy storm.

Minwoo had been eyeing the queen’s behaviour. Disgrace, don’t like it. These were not words that one should be saying to a son that was forcibly turned into a woman. Despite being her mother, the gaze that she had fixed on her son Clarice was not by any means pleasant.

A person like that just said she’d deal with Clarice on her own, he simply could not kick back and leave it to them.

“Oh dear. It appears that there has been a misunderstanding of this wife’s intentions. I shall elaborate.”

The queen smiled apologetically having read Minwoo’s discomfort. The queen’s smile disappeared and she coldly announced.

“To protect the royal family’s honour and safety we shall place Fifth Prince Clarice under imprisonment inside the royal villa.”

Boom. Thunder boomed in a clear sky. Aside from the queen, everyone else wondered if they’d misheard. It was so absurd that no one could find anything to say.

“Eh? Eh? M, mother? That, what are you saying?”

Of course the person most shocked at this moment was Clarice who had first been genderbent and now double-hit with the imprisonment announcement. Her(?) luck in being pelted with one disaster after another.

“‘Tis as you heard. Prince. I am sorry, but for the sake of the royal family you shall have to live in hiding from now on. As someone who was raised as a prince surely you can do at least this mu...”

“Don’t make me laugh.”

The queen’s head turned at the frigid words that dared to cut her off. It was Minwoo. As if the queen found the figure of the person seething like a dragon touched on the reverse scale amusing, she fixed her eyes on him.

“What did you just say?”

“I said don’t make me laugh. You lot decided to marry him off and turned him into a woman and now you’re locking him away? Are you all actually insane?”

In response to Minwoo’s coarse accusations the queen clicked her teeth and scowled.

“Says the one who flaps his mouth while knowing nothing.”

“You what? Ha! Let’s hear it then. Just why you’re imprisoning Clarice.”

“.....You are curious as to why the prince is being imprisoned?”

Stuck amidst the sparks flying between the two, Clarice could only look between them helplessly. As she looked around with eyes pleading for help, Senyun was waving both her hands around cheering for Minwoo, and the king was happily watching on while munching away on popcorn procured from somewhere. Clarice clutched her head and let out a noiseless whine. Both of them were of absolutely no help at all.

The queen elegantly flicked her fan open, covered her mouth and murmured in a low voice.

“Curiosity killed the cat.”

Minwoo could only let out a scoff at the ridiculous warning.

“Hero. You should know. That the people’s voices of dissent against the Crown are only getting louder by the day.”

That time before. It was all good that they called the hero Minwoo to solve the demon king incident, but since Minwoo at the time was no more than a hopeless immature brat, they threw him away as a dead hand. The proof was that was in how they threw him out of the palace with nothing more than a wooden sword. But ironically, that Minwoo solved the demon king incident and returned as a true hero.

What was more, he helped numerous troubled people in the process (quote Senyun, quests were a minion's work). And he officially received the holy sword from the Holy Maiden and was acknowledged by the clergy as the true hero. You could not blame the people for distrusting the Crown that had been simply sucking their thumbs during the demon king crisis.

"Not only that, imagine if it became known that the king who should be leading the country turned his son into a woman to ensnare the hero. Even worse, that person was the one popular enough to be called the Kingdom's Treasure, Prince Clarice."

As if something pricked at her, Senyun shuddered. If news of this reached the general populace that definitely had some feelings of resentment for the royal family... Uuurrgh she didn't even want to think about it. As a dedicated CLC member she could see it. The figures of the CLC destroying the royal palace in all sorts of different ways.

"In other words, you're locking him up to cover your own asses."

"That is so..... And I believe that our filial prince can gladly sacrifice his own person for the Crown."

The queen coquettishly smiled at stroked Clarice's head.

"Surely you could do that for us?"

"I, I-"

Clarice gripped the hem of her clothes and lowered her head. She didn't like this foreign side of her mother she'd never seen before, and she didn't want to be imprisoned unfairly like this either.

"That's... Ah!"

"Says who."

Minwoo pulled Clarice towards him. Clarice was dragged powerlessly into Minwoo's

embrace. Clarice's eyes widened and looked up at Minwoo. Minwoo was staring down the queen with a serious face. Clarice had seen Minwoo like this before. There was no way she could forget. It was still clear as day in her mind even now.

It was when he had come to rescue her from the demon king's castle.

"I do not understand."

The queen waved her fan and leered at them.

"There is no way you would not know that your actions right now are making you an enemy of the kingdom. No matter whether or not you are the hero, to make an enemy out of a kingdom for the sake of a single person, I would say is a foolish decision."

The queen asked as if she was genuinely curious.

"Does Clarice have that much value to you?"

"Value? I think you're mistaken."

Minwoo tightly hugged Clarice as if to declare he would never lose her.

"I don't want to lose my important person a second time."

The queen's eyes opened wide.

"Ho, important person?"

"He, hero-nim?"

"Oi. Hold on a second."

"Minwoo. Ohhhhh...!"

The peanut gallery got noisy for some reason, but the queen's next words drew his attention off them.

"That sounds like you would take Clarice in if we were to give her away."

"Give her away?"

"No matter that Clarice is the kingdom's treasure or no, she is not someone that can be measured with the hero that is a match for a hundred."

Clarice's face turned sheet white. She simply didn't understand why her mother was

saying such cruel things. Minwoo looked at Clarice's fear and clenched his teeth in anger.

"Minwoo, will you have and hold Clarice?"

The queen had started calling him Minwoo instead of the hero. But Minwoo didn't notice this and only defiantly replied back.

"Yes."

"Ho, and will you love and cherish her for the rest of your days?"

Love? Cherish?? Rest of your days???

That was out of left field but he wasn't in a place to be questioning this so he confidently answered.

"That's what I was hoping for."

He said as if to resolve himself.

"I will have, hold and cherish her for the rest of my life."

Snap!

"Attaboy."

The queen closed her fan cheerfully. Amazingly, her lips had curved into a smile. At the same time, her frigid demeanor had vanished and was replaced with warmth. Her abrupt change and her next words threw Minwoo into chaos.

"Please take good care of Clarice from now on. Son-in-law."

?????????

Minwoo raised a bunch of question marks.

"Son-in-law?"

The king clapped his hands and cheered.

“That’s my queen. As expected, only you!”

“Naturally. Isn’t having the back of her husband a wife’s duty?”

The queen smiled like a young girl and played cute for her husband. What on earth just happened... Then Senyun’s narrowed eyes opened and she yelled at Minwoo.

“You, you idiot!”

“What? What’s wrong?”

“Hero-nim...”

Clarice’s face turned bright red as she whispered.

“Um, what you said just now was...”

Her embarrassed whispers were drowned out by the voices of the nearby advisors.

“Oh my. To think he’d confess that passionately.”

“I love you, princess.”

“So she’s really getting engaged to the hero.”

“Hwaaaaa hero-nim’s spirit so amaziiiiinnng”

All words that he couldn’t understand. To the confused Minwoo, the queen smiled like a mother and asked.

“Son-in-law. When should we hold the wedding?”

“Wedding?!”

Minwoo asked, horrified.

“As a man, what else could it mean when you tell a marriageable woman that you’ll have, hold and cherish her for the rest of your life?”

Then the queen’s eyes harshly narrowed.

“Or was it a lie?”

“.....”

Minwoo blanched. The words that he’d so passionately yelled were ringing around his

head. Now he realised just what kind of show he had put on, that 'again' he had been fooled like an idiot, he finally realised.

The queen had been one with the king from the very beginning.

In hindsight it was odd. The queen putting Clarice down, her mannerisms as if she was taunting him, declaring imprisonment as a queen, not even as the king, the presence of advisors that practically begged to scream everything to the high heavens despite doing hosting this fracas to keep this incident in secret, all of it that he'd ignored due to his losing his temper-

'Curiosity killed the cat.'

Damn it. He'd been baited.

Chapter 9

Gushgushgushgush

Having achieved their aims, before Minwoo could say a word in edgewise the royal couple immediately ordered everyone gathered to disperse. Under the reasoning that Clarice was under too much stress right now. Of course, they were cleanly ignoring the fact that they were the cause of all this to begin with.

Minwoo told Clarice that he'd be back after settling this quickly, and chased after the royal couple that had vanished like the wind. In his hand was a sword. Clarice prayed for her parents. At least finish Father off in one strike.

Senyun only looked at Clarice with a distraught face, before half-crying "be happy together!" and ran out the room. In her hands were Clarice's underwear. Clarice promptly reported her to the palace guard. No wonder her underwear had been disappearing en masse lately.

The assorted advisors that didn't stop chittering and chattering finally left the room. And...

"Aaarghhh! What do I do! What do I do!! What do I do!!! Eaahrhrhghhhghghrhg!!!!"

Clarice, finally left alone, clutched her head and screamed. Thinking about the rumours that could spread through the entire capital, she screamed and despaired as her heart desired without caring at all about the stares of others.

'Mutter mutter, the hero announced his love for Clarice in front of the king and queen and all the other advisors. Chitter chatter, the hero picked a fight with the queen to save Clarice in peril. Blah blah, the hero pulled womanised Clarice into his arms and swore an oath, and that oath was-'

'I will have, hold and cherish her for the rest of my life.'

Holy sh-! At the surprise straight, Clarice covered her bright red face and curled over. Waah, just thinking about it embarrassed her. To think a fully grown man, would hear

those words while being embraced by another man.

Wait, she wasn't a man any more.

She looked down at her body with a bitter face. Although her clothes covered the majority of her valley, her breasts that threatened to burst through her clothes was proof of her new female body better than words would ever describe.

Haa. At least if she'd been flat then she could have at least pretended she was a man, just without anything attached, but to Clarice who was unused to women, this direct confrontation right in front of her eyes made her so embarrassed she was nearly sick.

Clarice turned her body around and turned her tired eyes to the ceiling. To be honest, it wasn't just the breasts. That missing feeling. That feeling of missing what should normally be there. That empty feeling between her legs shook her(?) heart ragged.

It was better when it was chaotic and she had no time to think.

Left alone like this, she could only wallow in ill thoughts...

"Haa. Hero-nim. Please come quickly..."

The person that was always by her side in her time of need. The person that rescued her like the hero he was when she was in danger. Although she knew it was a shameless thought, Clarice couldn't stop her thoughts of wanting to see Minwoo.

"How long have you and the hero been apart that you're already feeling loneliness?"

Clarice bolted upright at the unfamiliar voice. At some point in time a woman wearing a maid outfit had entered her room. Her red hair, was tidily tied back and her glasses gave her an appearance of a strict madam.

"Who, might you be?"

"I am Karina, personal maid to Your Highness 'Princess' Clarice from today onwards. I'll be in your service."

Karina curtsied, holding the tips of her skirt. It felt like she'd put extra stress on the word 'princess.' Then again. She wasn't a prince anymore, but a princess. Putting aside her imminent tears for now, Clarice asked her,

“Personal maid?”

“Her Majesty thought of Your Highness having to live as a woman from now on, and assigned me as your personal maid.”

Huh, this was the first she’d heard of it. They really weren’t giving her a break, were they. Clarice gripped her throbbing head and sighed. There was no way that Mother would have arranged this so quickly after she left. In that case, this had all been prearranged.

From one to ten, she really was just playing around in the palm of her parents’ hands.

“But I already have a personal servant? What happened to him?”

Clarice pouted, annoyed with the entire situation.

“By personal servant you mean that other man? The servant that has been taking care of Your Highness till now is going to be working in another part of the palace from now on.”

“Why...”

Karina answered as if it was obvious.

“Your Highness may have been a man, but now you are a woman. If the person that is always by your side is a man, then not only would there be dark rumours floating around, and what if he assaulted you with dark thoughts in mind?”

In other words, as a fellow woman she would now be her personal servant, something like that. Clarice rested her chin on her hands and thought.

‘Now that I think about it, she’s right. I can’t logically rebut against that’

Even though she didn’t like that Karina had assumed her previous servant to be an lecherous evil man on her own accord.

“Don’t be too disappointed. It was a decision Her Majesty made because she was worried about your new life as a woman.”

“If she really was so worried she shouldn’t have made me a woman to begin with.”

Karina's glasses flashed as she beamed a confident smile at the depressed Clarice.

"You don't have to be so afraid just because it is a foreign woman's body. This CLC... Cough, personal maid Karina, as Your Highness's dedicated personal maid, shall take responsibility and teach you everything from one to ten, A to Z."

That was a very confident smile, and at the same time a very ominous smile to Clarice. How would you put it. Similar to Senyun?

"Nooooo... it's not that I'm afraid of this female body..."

"Is that so?"

Karina's glasses flashed as she took a step closer. Clarice unconsciously scooted her rear backwards.

"No, well, it is a bit scary but..."

"A bit?"

Karina's glasses flashed brightly as she took another step closer. Clarice came up against the wall, and twisted her body around trying desperately to avoid her gaze.

Wow. What is this person. This is awkward. Clarice now noticed that it wasn't her glasses that were shining, but her eyes. Twinkle twinkle. The mad light in her eyes was exactly like what you'd expect from a holy maiden ecstatic in her god's worship.

"B, but Miss Karina."

"Yes."

Clarice desperately changed the subject before she came any closer.

"When did you come into my room? I didn't hear you enter."

Karina smiled brightly. Then she wrapped both her hands around her head and-

"Aaarghhh! What do I do! What do I do!! What do I do!!! Eaahrhrhghhhghghrhg!!!!..... I was there from about then. I did greet you but it seemed that you didn't hear me."

Clarice collapsed onto the bed.

She desperately wanted to crawl under a rock and die. With all her heart.



“No, I’m alright. I’ll be fine on my own.”

“But...”

Ignoring Karina smacking her lips, Clarice opened the door. As she finally became alone once again, fatigue swamped her and she leaned back on the wall, where she slid down till her butt met the ground. Her(?) location was none other than her ensuite bathroom.

To run away from Karina’s sparkly-eyed approach, if at least to buy time till Minwoo came back, she pulled all her wits about her and entered the bathroom. With the excuse that she was tired and wanted to bathe herself.

Of course, Karina had said that it would be difficult for her alone and said she would help her bathe but...”

‘The look in Miss Karina’s eyes. They weren’t kidding.’

Those eyes weren’t that of offering plain and simple assistance, but the eyes of a perverted old man wanting to feel up a female under the pretense of assistance. For example, say, eyes similar to Senyun’s?

The strict first impression had long since vanished from Clarice’s mind, and was on the same level as Senyun. On the side, Senyun to Clarice was ‘a poor girl who kept looking at Clarice with the eyes of someone a couple of slices short of a fruitcake.’ Add panty thief to her list of titles today as well.

Although it was only an excuse that she wanted to bathe, it wasn’t like she had zero thoughts of cleaning herself up, so Clarice stood up and slowly took her clothes off. She wanted to melt away her fatigue in the warm water.

Her undressing hands didn’t last a couple of seconds before they stopped.

Breasts.

If she took these clothes off then she’d be looking at these monstrous breasts

uncensored. It was like Pandora's Box. Open to release all manners of despair.

On the side, the name of that despair happened to be 'I'm a woman.'

Aeiit.⁽¹⁾ Clarice thought for a long time before taking her top off. As the breasts were drawn up by the clothes coming off, as soon as they were freed they came back down with a plop! At the truly horrifying raw sensations Clarice made a face of someone chewing dung. The next moment Clarice's head blanked out. She simply stood there for a bit, and then as if a veil had been drawn back, short, sharp thoughts raced through her head

Ah.

Really.

I have become a woman.

Without any leisure to spare to wipe away her tears, sniveling through her reddened nose, Clarice carefully reached around the underside of her breasts with both hands, and slowly, carefully grasped them as if she were savouring the feel.

They were squishy.

Really.

Squish squish. Squish squish.

"This damn... Hwoaoowo... ⁽²⁾"

Only tears gushed out.

Gushgushgush. Gushgushgush.



Nothing (無).

When her tears dried so not even a speck of moisture was left, Clarice finally pulled down her pants. She pulled down her pants, then her underwear. She lowered her

underwear to look on at the drastic changes that her crotch had undergone.

Nothing (無).

The thing between her legs wasn't there, and Clarice's thoughts vanished with it, her Father that had caused this had absolutely no sense of foresight, the world could just disappear right now, but what was really missing was the thing between her legs...

Nothing (無).

Calmly, but without zero actual calmness, her shaking hands slowly moved towards her crotch. Naturally the thing that was between her legs wasn't there, and having felt that Clarice's thoughts vanished, Father that had caused this had absolutely no sense of foresight, the world could just disappear right now, but what was really missing was the thing between her legs...

Nothing (無).

They say when people hit their limits for the first time they have an epiphany. Clarice had gone over and beyond those limits at the very first attempt. Gushgushgush. Gushgushgush. The tears that she'd thought she'd all cried out flowed down like a river. Gushgushgush. Gushgushgush. But even if she overcame the limits of tears she couldn't overcome the limits of what was between her legs...

"Your Highness! Are you alright!"

Hearing Clarice's voice like a snot-nosed crying child, Karina hurriedly ran into the bathroom.

"Karina... Help meee..."

She just couldn't wash herself on her own.



No matter whether Karina had the eyes of a perverted old man, whether it was because she was in front of her sobbing, crying master that she couldn't act on her desires(?), or whether she had an iron will that could distinguish between duty or

pleasure, she calmly and professionally attended to Clarice.

Of course she couldn't completely contain her perverted desires so she would lather her breasts a bit too enthusiastically, dive between her legs often, or strip naked under the excuse that her clothes would get wet and press her breasts right into her back,

“Haaa♥ Her Highness's naked body, so soft and delicate... Delicious♥♥”

Or,

“Haaaa♥ Your Highness, your arms and hips are so slender yet your breasts are this big... this really is a blessed body♥♥ ”

Or

“Haaaa♥ Your Highness, look at your beautiful butt. These are totally baby-making hips. Totally♥♥

And so she kept whispering dirty things in her ears like that, but her stance was calm and professional. That is, by her own standards, i.e, a dedicated CLC member. But having already lost her mind at the shock of her overwhelming femininity, Clarice couldn't care less whether she was perverted or groped or not.

She just wanted to see the hero.

Having finished bathing with a mind that had already overcome all worldly desires, Clarice felt Karina's hands fluffing her hair dry with magic, that a woman's hair was her life, that she would take good care of it from now on, even in the midst of this that Her Highness's hair was the best, and so on with countless other compliments she didn't want to hear.

She swore that she would cut her hair as soon as she was alone.

As Karina pondered over what hairstyle would suit Her Highness the best Clarice asked for anything comfortable. Result, a part of her long hair was tied and raised up similar to the queen's own hairstyle, and looking in the mirror she was practically identical to the queen. A beautiful neckline revealed to the world, complete with noble aura.

Her face looked so feminine to the point where she couldn't help but laugh. But of course. She was a woman. Even though she had looked like this to begin with.

As Clarice opened her drawers for clothes Karina handed over clothes that she'd already prepared in advanced. They were women's wear. Oh boy. There was even underwear. Alright. She had to wear it. That went without saying. Clarice knew that as royalty, she should wear her clothes accordingly. Now that she was a princess, women's wear was a given.

But when her bra ended up not fitting because her breasts were too big, Clarice wanted to throw everything away and just crawl away and die.

It was hard to find fitting clothes for Clarice's body. Most of her upper body wear were lifted up by her giant breasts to reveal her belly button, or even if she wore clothes that fit her perfectly the curves of her body stood out so brilliantly she looked more like a whore than a princess.

In the end she had to settle for a loose one piece that wouldn't get stuck in her cleavage, pulled in with a drawstring.

"Oh my. It was a lie when they said clothes give you wings. As expected, the perfection of good clothes end with the face. Your Highness, you're truly beautiful."

Clarice was annoyed by Karina's enthusiastic words of praise. Is this person praising me or picking a fight.

"Miss Karina. It feels somewhat awkward, so please stop."

Please shut up.

"You don't have to be so embarrassed. It's the truth after all. Also, Your Highness."

Karina put away her happy face and made a solemn expression. Her strict impression started to crawl out again as if to say it wasn't dead.

"Please be at ease with me."

"I am at ease though."

"What kind of royalty speaks so formally with her personal maid and calls her 'Miss.' I

am aware that you are still friendly and polite even to your underlings, but social strata still hold.”

She fixed her glasses and spoke like a king’s soldier.

“If those at the top speak formally to their inferior and lower their heads, those that do not know better emerge and do their best to climb all over your head.”

“.....”

Clarice looked at her, amazed.

Wow. This person. She can speak normally after all.

“But, that’s. It’s a bit awkward...”

To be accurate it meant ‘I don’t want to be on such terms to be able to address a perverted and uncomfortable person like you casually.’ But having no way to know of that, Karina only smiled brightly and said.

“We’ve already bathed together, what else is there to be embarrassed about.”

Kek. As Clarice’s face reddened and immediately drew back, Karina’s face crumpled as if she was hurt. Then as Karina’s eyes welled with tears-

“Karina... Help meee...”

“I get it! I get it so stop! Karina!”

Clarice clutched her head and whined. Aaaaaaaaah! Hero-niiiiim. Just when are you coming back...

Just then the door swung open behind her. Clarice couldn’t contain her joy and turned back with a bright smile.

“Hero-nim?!..... Ah.”

It wasn’t him.

“How long have you been separated from the hero that you miss him already? Princess.”

The queen elegantly waved her feather fan and smirked.

Clarice immediately made a putrid face. This rotten.

Chapter 10

Your queen rates this ship highly

Clarice didn't seem to take too kindly to the queen that appeared without any warning. Rather than kindly, her hackles were raised like an angry cat and she offered her refusal.

"This son, is not in the mood to talk with Mother at the moment so could you please leave."

Normally this reaction would have been unimaginable for such a cute and kind son, but right now she was a daughter that had been smacked upside the back of her head by her parents so it didn't matter. But the queen ignored Clarice and wormed her way in like a snake and took a seat, talking with Karina and even having the space of mind to sip at her tea.

Indeed like husband, like wife.

"Thank you for helping out our princess. Karina. Since the princess is not used to her female body yet."

"Of course not. Your Majesty. No, I was honoured... Cough, I did what I had to as a maid."

As the queen listened to the mess that Clarice had come to in the bathroom, she made all sorts of pitiful noises and shook her head. Right beside her, Clarice desperately tried to temper her boiling anger.

"Leave the room for the moment. I have something I want to talk with the princess just as the two of us."

"Understood. Your Majesty. Please call me if you need anything."

Karina bowed and exited the room.

Now it was just the two of them.

“Clarice.”

The queen called Clarice’s name gently as if she was handling a child. Clarice huffed. No matter what she said this time she wouldn’t fall that easily.

“You’re not a son anymore but a daughter, no?”

“.....At least try to make excuses for yourself.”

Not something ridiculous.

“But it’s true. Because Clarice is a woman.”

So Clarice said it in the way the queen wanted to hear. With tightly clenched teeth.

“This daughter, iz’ no’ in th’ mood t’ talk ri’ now, so c’d you please leave.”

“Oh my. But your mother came to talk with Clarice?”

The queen discarded her elegant bearing and said nonchalantly. This was it. This was the queen’s true face that she didn’t show in public.

And this was exactly why Clarice was so angry.

“So what. Disgrace, feels dirty, saying you’d imprison me, so why now...!”

Clarice screamed her resentment. What Clarice had truly been angry at the queen was, more than her gender change, the queen’s cold, heartless appearance. That that had all been an act. All a giant act to fool the hero.

“Do... do you know how scared I was...?!”

But even so it wasn’t as if she could just laugh it off with a wave of the hand. The hurt, the shock, the betrayal, it was not as if it had never happened. Her gentle mother changed so drastically in a single morning and coldly threw her away, what child wouldn’t be hurt by that.

“I’m sorry.”

The queen quietly drew the sobbing Clarice into her arms. Because she was still her mother. Because she was much too sorrowful to reject her warm embrace, Clarice

buried her face in the queen's chest. For a long time afterwards, Clarice's tears soaked the queen's breasts.

"I'm sorry. I came here to apologise... I won't ever do that again."

Clarice decided to forgive Mother just this once.

If there ever was a next time then she'd straight up knock some teeth out.



Of course, even if Clarice forgave her, she'd forgiven the queen for deceiving her, not turning her into a woman. When Clarice glared at her with slit eyes and asked why she didn't stop Father, the queen smiled brightly and replied.

"Of course, it's because I wanted a daughter!"

Clarice thought.

'This is a problem. This person, her head's filled with nothing but flowers.'

Having long surpassed 'purity' and entered the realm of ditzy cuteness, who would have thought this was the master tactician that had ensnared the hero. Then again, it wasn't like she was the queen for nothing.

"But Mom was shocked when she heard it for the first time as well, you know? It was so unbelievable I thought someone was pranking me."

"I can't believe that I turned into a woman now, either. It would be good if this WAS just someone's joke."

Clarice wondered if the king was worse than the demon king. At least that woman only made people dress like women, not actually turn them into women. Wait, hold up. If you put it like that, hadn't that woman dressed her up as a girl and married her to an orc? Ahh. Just remembering it made her buttcheeks shudder. Clarice hugged her shoulders and shivered.

I don't like orcs. Orcs are scary...

"What's wrong? You've turned blue all of a sudden, does it hurt anywhere?"

“It’s just. I recalled some bad memories. Please don’t be concerned.”

Clarice sighed and focused again. Yes. Turning into a woman and marrying Hero-nim was a far better option. Rather than an orc with nothing but a pointlessly big penis, she’d much rather have the kind, noble and handsome hero...

‘I will have, hold and cherish her for the rest of my life.’

Aaaaack! What’m I thinking!

“What’s the matter? You’ve turned red all of a sudden. Does it hurt anywhere?”

“It’s just. I recalled an embarrassing memory. Please don’t be concerned.”

The queen hid her mouth with her feather fan before asking.

“Did you think about the hero, by any chance?”

“Eh?!”

Whoops. Correct.

“Although your mother is one to talk, you’re quite quick on the mark as well. How long have you been a girl that you already love... mff.”

“Ab. so. lute. ly. Not.”

Clarice reached over the fan and stoppered the queen’s mouth. The queen’s lips squirmed around a bit before finally freeing itself from the hand, and smirked.

“Why? The hero, he’s a good man. He’s quite a man even to your mother, you know? He’s handsome, tall, and he’d go to war with the kingdom for your sake.”

“Hh, hmph. Hero-nim starting a war for my sake. That is too far.”

Even while denying the queen’s words at the praise of her close friend Hero-nim, Clarice felt much better. A fool for the hero indeed.

“Mom doesn’t think it’s weird for Clarice to fall for the hero. Plus Clarice has already been saved once like a princess in a fairy tale? Kyaa. So romantic~”

Clarice stared at the queen with dead eyes. No wonder she’d been saying good words.

Knock knock.

A knock on the door. Karina's voice followed shortly.

"Hero-nim has arrived."

Clarice leapt up from her seat. 'Oh my.' The queen seemed amused at Clarice's unrestrained excitement.

"Hero-nim!!!"

"Cla... Whoa!"

As soon as Minwoo came in Clarice dashed in like an arrow and buried herself in his embrace. Unaware of the hero's shock, she rubbed her face against the hero's hard chest and vocalised her longing.

"Why are you so late! I waited so long!"

"I, I know. I'm sorry I'm late. I get it so please get off me for now..."

Only then did Clarice finally lift her head off as if she felt lacking. Her(?) affectionate actions couldn't be helped. Father was completely out of it, Mother's head was filled with nothing but flowers, her new maid was nothing more than a pervert, Senyun was a panty thief... The only person left that Clarice had faith in was the hero, Minwoo.

My only supporter. In this entire palace filled only with people to give me a giant middle finger, he was the only to take care of me. To Clarice, Minwoo had long surpassed friend and was now her only ally in the world.

"Ho, so this is the rumoured Minwoo x Clarice? It's quite something to see it with my own eyes."

"Your queen rates this ship highly."

Veins twitched out on Clarice's forehead.

Everything was great except for their presence.



Clarice's wish didn't take long to fulfil.

"These oldies who can't read the mood will vanish now. Have a nice time together."

The queen who had at some point recovered her royal dignity waved her fan and left, and shortly afterwards, Karina left the room as well, saying that she was going to prepare dinner. Like the queen had said, left alone with just the two of them, Clarice told Minwoo everything that had happened up till now.

"Eck... That was a problem."

The time when she was crying her eyes out and was eventually serviced (and talked dirty to) by Karina.

"It doesn't really look weird on you. It actually looks... quite pretty?"

Having worn this weird one piece because there were no clothes that fit her, Minwoo's words unknowingly refuted her own self-denial.

"There really aren't any normal people in this kingdom."

Once they came to what the queen had said, the two of them happily talked smack about the royal couple behind their backs.

At around dinner time Clarice listened to Minwoo's story, he had engaged in a chase-and-be-chased game of hide-and-seek with the king. When Minwoo said that he lost the king after a breath-stealing chase, Clarice sighed regretfully.

Damn Father. He needed to be punished no matter what.

"Which comes to this. What should we do now?"

At the end of the meal, Clarice asked while delicately wiping her lips, and Minwoo turned his head aside. Because of the way she put up her hair like the queen, he'd unconsciously been staring at her elegant neckline, so he fake-coughed and brought himself to his senses. Clarice's neckline was so dazzling he was worried he'd develop some new neck fetish.

“Mm. What do you mean, what should we do now?”

“That’s... Uuu... I mean marriage. Marriage. Now we’ve got no ways to push or pull against this so what should we do?”

Ah. Minwoo smiled sheepishly. Quite unlike his normal self, he’d been the one who had basically cemented this marriage, so he couldn’t say anything even if he had ten mouths. Of course, it wasn’t like Clarice had brought this up to blame him either...

As the sun dipped below the horizon and the moon and stars rose to their zenith, the two of them put their heads together to come up with a plan.

Their efforts were fruitless.

Thud. It was hopeless. But hopeless or not, tomorrow’s sun would rise as normal, so after saying that they would think about this again tomorrow, Minwoo stood up.

Clarice clutched Minwoo’s arm.

“Are you leaving?”

Like a lost child, or a lonely bunny. Her indigo eyes seemed to overflow with sorrow as Clarice begged him not to leave.

“Just tonight. Could you stay with me just for tonight?”

Minwoo was aghast. Just, what is this kid saying.

“It, it’s really embarrassing for me to say this but it’s scary sleeping by myself...”

Ding~ A single phrase rang in Minwoo’s head like a bell’s chime.

Oh god.

“No, wait what. Suddenly. You’re scared to sleep by yourself?”

“It’s as you’ve just heard. It’s scary to sleep by myself. If possible, I want to stay with you, Hero-nim. I... I want to sleep together.”

Clarice looked like tears were about to drip down her cheeks at any moment. On the

verge of tears, as if to declare that she wouldn't lose him, she hugged Minwoo's arm. As she hugged him, Minwoo's arm was buried between her abundant breasts. Holy shit. Minwoo's rationality was steaming and reaching its limits.

No matter that this kid was a man before but she was a woman now. And an insanely beautiful and attractive girl to boot (ironically her face was still exactly the same as when she was a man). A girl like this was giving him skinship while asking him to sleep with her? Ho ho. He didn't have any answers for this. Minwoo desperately held onto his rationality.

'happythoughtshappythoughtshappythoughtshappythoughtslewdingthoughtshappythoughtshappysexhappythoughts.'

He was 18 years of age. An age filled with desire.

"Calm down! Clarice! If we sleep together now then the royal family will only have more things to hold against us!"

"But..."

Clarice finally broke out into tears.

"I'm scared that you'll disappear... Waaahhh!"

She cried like she'd lost everything in her world. Minwoo asked the question that he genuinely wondered.

"Why would I disappear?"

"But! But!!"

Clarice howled impassionately.

"My penis disappeared so there's no guarantee that Hero-nim won't either!!"

Wuwuwuwu. Looking at Clarice cry her heart out again, once again, the bell in Minwoo's head rang ding~.

Oh god.

Chapter 11

Pillow Talk

In the end we decided to sleep together. Nothing untoward, just as it said on the tin, simply sleeping together. Shut eye. Rest. Sleep.⁽¹⁾ Okay no problem. While getting out of the shower, Minwoo made his resolve, and stepped out of the bathroom.

Shatter (tink tink). That was the sound of his resolve breaking.

“P... please don’t stare at me too much...”

With a face that looked like it would burst red if one so much as poked it, Clarice looked away. Minwoo wanted to run away.

“Clarice. Why are you wearing that?”

She was wearing a frilly negligee that reminded one of dainty flower petals. Who was? Clarice was.

Negligee. A woman’s gown that looked similar to a dress. Normally worn when sleeping, since it was both sexy and elegant, it was underwear popular among upper-class women. There was no way that Minwoo wouldn’t be aware of that kind of underwear even if he wanted to. Maybe it was because the priestess had constantly worn that at night to try to seduce him, but he’d gotten sick of negligees long ago.

Hoh boy. Having said that he’d never thought that Clarice would wear it as well.

“I asked Karina for nightwear that would fit my breasts and this was what she brought me... It, it’s not like I’m wearing this because I want to either!”

“I, I get it! I get it so calm down!”

As Clarice shook her body while explaining, her flippant breasts went bounce bounce, squish squish. To make matters worse, you could almost see through the sheer fabric if you concentrated, so Minwoo frantically backpedalled away. But unlike his vehement reactions, Minwoo was actually quite moved on the inside. This was his first

time that he became aware just how seductive the nightwear called negligee were. When the priestess wore it, it was like pearls on a swine, but since Clarice was wearing it this was...

It was then. As his eyes took in the negligee Minwoo noticed something. Visible through the see-through fabric, a pink dot. A pair of pink dots. Minwoo frantically covered his eyes. His eyes just fell on them by accident. It was a pure accident so he did his best to ignore it. No telling what would happen if he didn't. Namely things to do with his rationality.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing."

He simply made efforts to think happy thoughts.

"I'm tired. Let's sleep. Mm? Please."

"?"

Clarice tilted her head and blinked those innocent eyes. That really was a carefree appearance. Then again, she was a man until just yesterday so it wasn't like she'd have any self-awareness as a woman.

Clarice undid the ribbon that had been holding up her hair. Her long, beautiful hair flowed down beneath her shoulders. As Clarice brushed her hair like Karina had told her to, Minwoo thought it was a pity.

Ah, that neckline. It was good.

Following Clarice who had finished preparing to sleep, Minwoo paused before settling down on the sofa. Clarice looked at him with a strange gaze.

"Why are you lying down there?"

"Hm? Well, to sleep on the sofa, of course..."

Daring to get into the same bed as royalty aside, Minwoo didn't have enough self-control to sleep snuggled up to a woman. The priestess who kept crawling into his bed came to mind, but that woman was in heat way too much for a human so he treated her like an exception.

“Doesn’t Hero-nim want to sleep with me?”

Clarice gripped the sheets with a sorrowful face. Minwoo’s heart jumped.

“Nnnooooo! Of course not! Haha!”

He shot forward like an arrow and dived into the bed. Right next to Clarice. As Clarice turned the lights off, Minwoo calmly closed his eyes. However his own little campfire kept on burning through the firewood. Happythoughtshappythoughts...

Damn it. No matter how I see it I’m too soft on Clarice.

If the priestess that had pulled all sorts of things to try to seduce him could see him right now, she’d be clutching the back of her neck wondering just why he was going along with this. To be honest, it wasn’t like he couldn’t understand Clarice’s behaviour today. Rather, he understood it a hundred, a thousand times over. Even he was about to rip his hair out dealing with this troll of a royal family, but just how much more crazy would it be for Clarice, the person affected the most by all this.

“Eh heh heh. To think I’m sleeping with my beloved Hero-nim, it feels like a dream...”

Problem was that she was a bit too crazy.

They say that when a person reached breaking point, reason just goes out the window. That was Clarice right this very moment. To Clarice, who was currently tightly clinging onto him, Minwoo thought happy thoughts and asked with effort.

“Um. Clarice?”

“Yes?”

“Could you scootch away just a little bit?”

Her breasts were touching. Scratch that, not just touching, they were squishing and rubbing all over him. The negligee that she was wearing right now was sheer to the point that you could make out all the fine details of her breasts, and the sensations were raw enough to make his head spin.

It was rising.

The stiffness. The feeling of ‘how do you do.’

Again, the priestess who would launch her body attacks when and wherever came to mind, but these sensations were quite frankly, incomparable. Once again if the priestess could see this now, she'd be clutching the back of her neck but it couldn't be helped. Even if a monkey in heat rubs her breasts against you, you'd just find it distasteful.

"I'm sorry... I overstepped myself and bothered you too much."

However it seemed that Clarice hadn't noticed Minwoo's inner monologue and thought of it as something else. Minwoo wanted to cry.

Just why you do this to me.

"No, it's not that... I was just worried that you'd find it hard to sleep."

"Ah... Really. You don't have to worry about me. Just being able to sleep with Hero-nim makes me so happy."

Clarice really did look happy like she couldn't ask for anything more. Minwoo started to suspect that this was what the royal couple had planned. No, they definitely had. To push Clarice right to her limits and make her rely on him.

.....Those devils.

"Clarice."

"Yes?"

Minwoo turned around to face Clarice. The light had vanished, and only the moonlight streaming through the windows lit up their world. In this space with no more intruders and this quiet, quaint place where only the two of them existed, Minwoo turned to face Clarice.

The moonlight gave Clarice's cheeks an ivory-white glow, and Minwoo softly whispered.

"Should we run away?"

"Eh?"

Clarice's eyes widened.

“These assholes. They’re definitely trying to get the two of us married. At this rate, who knows what might happen to you.”

“But...”

“It might be better to run away rather than being left at their mercy.”

“.....”

Clarice lost herself in silent thought briefly, before quietly shaking her head.

“I’m sorry. Hero-nim. I want to remain in the kingdom.”

“...Why?”

Minwoo asked. His voice didn’t contain a shred of resentment or betrayal, but simple curiosity.

“No matter their mischief, no matter their character, they’re still my father and mother. This is the country where I grew up in and my precious homeland. I know that staying like this is a fool’s errand. But Hero-nim, I don’t want to leave the kingdom, my family, my subjects, my friends behind and run away.”

As if she was ashamed of herself, Clarice’s eyes drifted downwards. It was a sorrowful appearance that even the moon beyond the window would take pity on.

“I’m sorry.”

Minwoo smiled. He might be overthinking this, but that snake-like couple, they might have taken Clarice’s personality into account as well.

“Then I’ll stay as well.”

“Eh?”

“What. You’re staying, so what am I leaving alone for?”

Minwoo and Clarice’s gazes met. So that the uncertain, wavering eyes under the moonlight wouldn’t shake any longer, Minwoo smiled.

“I told you. I don’t want to lose my important person a second time.”

The surprise was evident in her eyes. To hide his embarrassment, Minwoo stroked Clarice’s hair as if to tangle the strands.

“You flatter me.”

Clarice fidgeted with her hair grumpily. But she didn't look displeased. Minwoo was reminded of something, and he said.

“Clarice. Do you want to go to the training grounds tomorrow?”

“The training grounds?”

“You said you wanted to learn swordplay from me a while ago. For a change of mood, I feel like teaching you.”

“Ah.”

Unconsciously, the corner of Clarice's mouth twitched. So he had remembered.

“That's welcome news to me. Hero-nim, I'll gladly anticipate it. Fufu.”

“.....Should I have brought it up. Pressure's on now.”

The two's quiet talks ended there. Having run around as much as he had, Minwoo bade Clarice good night and closed his eyes. Clarice looked sidelong on Minwoo's sleeping face and whispered.

“Hero-nim. Are you asleep?”

There was no response from Minwoo. As if making a decision, Clarice gulped and opened her mouth.

“Hero-nim.”

“.....”

“Thank you for helping me today. I, when Hero-nim said he would protect me, you don't know how much my heart soared.”

There was no response from Minwoo. Clarice paid it no mind and continued her whispered confession.

“Although living life as a woman is scary, but I think that if Hero-nim is by my side it will be alright. No, it definitely will be alright. So...”

Clarice smiled.

“Please take care of me from now on.”

And Clarice fell asleep shortly afterwards.

Minwoo's eyes gradually crept open. His face, even in the dim moonlight was noticeably reddened. With a grunt, Minwoo rolled over, facing away from Clarice, and sighed.

There goes all my sleep for the night.

Chapter 12

Side story: A dance to connect the heart

TN: Friendly reminder: This. Is. NOT. YAOI. (EN: Definitely not yaoi)

This couldn't be happening. There was no way I'd be disgraced like this. There was no way that I would be looked down on and ignored with cold stares and belittled like this.

I was the main character.

This was a world for me, a stage prepared solely for me.

They were side characters, nothing more than stepping stones.

Nothing more, so how did it...

"What's this. It looks like you've called in a clown, not a hero."

A cold mocking voice. I pulled myself out of my thoughts. But my head still swam as if I was falling through the endless abyss. The king was in front of me. The surroundings were filled with the on looking crowd. Everyone was staring at me. The gazes, mixed with taunts, stifled my breath.

I realized one thing then and there.

"I have never seen a hero as disgraceful as you. Get out."

In the end, I hadn't changed a bit.

I couldn't stand it any longer. I ran out then and there. I just wanted to run away. Hide where no one could see me. I heard people jeering at me as I ran past. Those sounds followed me all the way till I ran out the ballroom.

Hot tears clouded my vision. I hadn't changed a single bit. Even after being summoned to another world, after becoming the hero. I was still the wimp Park Minwoo, the kid that was ignored and shunned by all.

I wasn't the main character.

This was not a stage built just for me.

This was 'reality.' A cold heartless reality that had no main character, side character, heroines, harems, light novel developments or anything of the sort.

This was not an anime.

This was reality.

As I blindly ran onwards, I found myself in front of a fountain with no one else around. The surroundings were filled with beautiful plants and flowers. It seemed to be a garden. I couldn't take my eyes off the harmony wrought by the fountain's streams and flowers under the gentle moonlight. It was a place so beautiful that it took your breath away even amidst sorrow.

I sat down on the fountain and caught my breath. Fear enveloped my entire body. What's going to happen to me now. Would I have to live alone in this foreign reality. How would I survive if I was chased out of the castle now? I, who can't use magic, hopeless with a sword, no redeeming traits, just what can I do?

If it was going to be like this I would much rather never have come here in the first place. If it was going to be like this, even if my parents said they had no son, even if I was bullied at school it would have been better if I had stayed.

It was at that moment as I was wetting my face with tears and regret.

"Here you are."

I turned my head.

Someone came within sight of my tear-blurred vision. As I wiped my tears away with my hand the figure came into view. Elegant eyes that seemed to have been crafted out of moonlight, beauty that the flowers would bow their heads to, different from me,

unlike me, the beautiful boy that was loved by all.

“Clarice... why are you here?”

My voice was quivering enough that it surprised even myself.

“I followed Hero-nim here because I wanted to apologise.”

“A, pologise?”

“Yes. Wasn’t this ball originally Hero-nim’s public welcome? But... Father was disrespectful to Hero-nim, so I came to apologise in his stead.”

Welcome. I scoffed at myself. So it was. It was a welcome for the hero. But at the same time, it was a public execution for the one with no qualifications to be a hero.

“I’m sorry.”

Clarice bowed his head. At his hypocritical behaviour I felt a surge of anger.

“Shut up!”

“Urk!”

I grabbed Clarice by the lapels and threw him down. Being light and frail, he was as easy to manhandle as he looked. Ignoring Clarice’s pain, I mounted his small body. Holding his shoulders down so he couldn’t resist, as if to get everything off my chest I venomously yelled.

“What makes you think I don’t know you’re mocking me right now?! You’re one and the same as the rest of those royals to begin with! Do you think, that I wouldn’t know that you see me as a retard like your old man!”

“Kk! Hero-nim, le, let me...”

“You! What do you know about me! You, who’s only ever been sweet-talked by others! Do you think I came here to be ridiculed?! I’m a hero! I’m the main character!! But why! Just why...”

“Hero-nim...”

Clarice, with surprised eyes, stretched his hand out to me. The memories back when I was beaten by delinquents resurfaced and I screwed my eyes shut and hunched over.

“Why are you crying?”

There was no pain. A warmth surrounded my cheeks. I opened my eyes. Clarice's face was wet. I realised that that wetness was my tears.

Shame came over me like the rising tide. I unconsciously backpedalled away from him, caught my heel on a rock and landed hard on my butt. Clarice came close to me again. I couldn't think of running away anymore and burst into tears like a child.

"I didn't want this... I wanted to live a wonderful life like anime, light novel protagonists..."

"Hero-nim..."

Clarice hugged me. Ironically, his embrace was so warm, I only cried louder.

"If you are alright with me, will you let me hear Hero-nim's story, what made Hero-nim so sad? It might feel better if you share it with someone.

Clarice pulled out a handkerchief from his breast pocket and wiped my face. Facing him from this close distance my mind zoned out. Clarice looked at me in that state and simply smiled.

I thought that maybe, just maybe that Clarice was genuinely worried for me.

We sat on the fountain side by side. I looked up at the night sky and started talking. The world I was born in. where I lived. The path I walked. Looking back as I was talking, I realised that I had lived a truly pathetic life. But Clarice didn't laugh or mock me. He simply turned an attentive ear, and listened.

Clarice's behaviour then, seemed to say that my life wasn't completely worthless, that it was worth listening to... Somewhere down the line, I'd completely opened up to him.

"That's the end. The reason I came over to this world wasn't because I wanted to save or help you, but to simply play hero like a comic. Then I'd get fame, fortune, and women. Sounds foolish, right? I only realised just now that I was such a moron. Thanks for listening to me. Oh, and... I'm sorry for knocking you over before."

As my storytelling ended, I stood up. I still felt sad, but like he said, I did feel just a bit better.

“It’s alright.”

I thought it was an answer to me knocking him down.

“It’s not foolish.”

But it wasn’t.

“What?”

“I think Hero-nim is amazing.”

Clarice stood up and faced me. I was speechless at the resolve burning within his beautiful eyes.

“I think that Hero-nim is amazing to still try so hard despite living such a lonely life.”

“Wh, what do you mean. Me try hard?”

“Hero-nim has said you tried to play a hero out of a comic, but so what? You say you came over for fame, fortune and women but what’s wrong with that? To Hero-nim, that was your effort to change your dreary reality.”

Clarice put a hand over his heart and continued.

“If that had been me, I would never have been able to do it. Like Hero-nim says, if it was me, who’s only ever been loved and protected by others, I wouldn’t have even been able to try to come to a foreign world and change reality. Because of that, Hero-nim, who can make such a brave resolve, is-”

A smile curled the corner of Clarice’s lips.

“an amazing person.”

Me, amazing?

I couldn’t respond to the words I heard for the first time in my life. Clarice bowed to me.

“We should be the one apologising instead. On behalf of the kingdom, I apologise for our disrespect to the person we called for help.”

No. I wasn't a person great enough to receive Clarice's apology. A hero in name only that couldn't do anything. That was me. Maybe if I was a proper hero to begin with then today wouldn't have happened either. Just as I opened my mouth to explain, a massive noise burst out from above us.

Both of us simultaneously turned our heads up to the heavens. I couldn't help but let out a noise of appreciation. Bright fireworks of all colours were lighting up the starry sky. Fireworks. The surprise that this other world had fireworks was there and gone, I only lost myself watching the fireworks light up the world.

"It seems like the ball is over."

"Over?"

I looked towards Clarice. Clarice's face was glowing all sorts of different colours in the light of the fireworks.

"It's Hero-nim's welcome ball after all. It seems to have been shut down after Hero-nim ran out."

"Is that so..."

I felt both sorry, yet relieved at the same time.

"Hero-nim."

Clarice reached his hand out. As I simply blinked, not knowing what was going on, Clarice smiled.

"Would you like to dance with me?"

What?

"Although it's embarrassing to say this, but I was watching over Hero-nim the entire time. You didn't dance even once at the ball."

I awkwardly averted my gaze. An idiot hero in name only, fat and short to boot, there were no women who wanted to dance with me.

"This ball is Hero-nim's welcome, but does it make any sense that Hero-nim doesn't dance?"

“...And you’re telling me to dance with you for that reason?”

I’d unconsciously clenched my fist. I thought this was simply out of pity. As if he’d caught on my discontent from my voice, Clarice’s face hardened.

“Not for that reason.”

“Then what?”

“That’s...”

Clarice’s voice tailed off, as he fidgeted with his fingers before saying.

“If not now, I don’t think I’d ever have an opportunity to dance with Hero-nim...”

“What?”

A firework burst into colour. Maybe because it was a red firework, but Clarice’s face looked quite red.

“Do you know the saying? That a dance can link the hearts between people. I want to connect my heart to yours, Hero-nim.”

Another firework went off. It wasn’t just Clarice that was red.

“W, wait, hold, you, just now, just what?!”

I was horrified at the answer out of left field. He did look extremely feminine (to the point I mistook him as a princess when I first saw him) but to think he would like men...

“I, I didn’t mean anything untoward! I just want to be able to support Hero-nim! So, I thought that I could help reduce Hero-nim’s sorrows if we danced together...!”

“I get it! Calm down! I’ll dance!”

It was the first time I’d ever seen Clarice, normally so elegant and calm, flustered like this. To the point where I wondered if he was the same kid who had been so maturely reassuring me.

“But we’re both boys. How’s this going to work out?”

“I’ll take the female part. Has Hero-nim learned the male part?”

Clarice would be taking the female part. I thought it suited him extremely well.

"I did, but I crammed it so not that well."

"It's alright. I'll lead, so you can just take it easy."

Clarice's hand came out again. I stared at the hand for a while, thought it over, and took it. Not like I had anything to lose.

Fireworks went off again for the however manyth time.

We slowly matched our steps. Hand in hand, we slowly drew circles on the grass. My dance skills were crude and unrefined. A waltz so error-ridden you simply couldn't bear to watch. But Clarice didn't get angry. He simply smiled gently like the moon and led me along.

At some point I realised. His hands in mine, our eyes looking into each other, at the gentle steps, of Clarice's genuine feelings. His gentle kindness.

There was no spectacular background music from an orchestra.

It wasn't an extravagant place like the ballroom.

A time with only the two of us with no one else. A waltz with just the two of us.

Taking the fountain as our music, the moonlight as our lighting, the flowers as our audience, we danced.

Replying to Clarice's feelings, so that I could reciprocate in kind, I enjoyed this moment.

At some point, I was smiling.

"Now that I think about it, I'm late with my greetings."

At the end of our number, as I was dealing with my embarrassment, Clarice said to me.

"Greetings?"

"Hero-nim."

I stopped breathing.

“Thank you so much for coming to this world.”

Clarice smiled brightly.

All kinds of thoughts swirled around my head. My mind blanked so I could do nothing but stare at Clarice. I didn't know what to think. But... one thing was for certain.

At this moment.

I genuinely wanted to be a hero.

Chapter 13

Let me touch your boobs!

The first morning as a woman. Maybe it was because she'd slept (=fainted) so much yesterday, but Clarice woke up before the maid came to wake her. She carefully sat up so as to not wake Minwoo up and stretched. Feeling the weight of her breasts following her as if it was perfectly natural, Clarice felt like she understood the words 'man is an adaptable animal.'

Damn it. It had only been a day.

Clarice placed her hand on her breasts. She lightly held them and felt their softness. Squish squish. She didn't want to admit it, but the feeling on her hands, at the very least, the feedback on her hands could be said to be premium grade.

For some reason, a peculiar sigh escaped her. She felt something stirring up inside her. This made her feel like she was a pervert. Totally a pervert, right? Due to her status as royalty, Clarice never cared much for adult activity, but she knew very well what this would look like to others.

...she knew very well.

"H, Hero-nim?"

And so, when Clarice realised that at some point, Minwoo had woken up and was staring at her aghast, at that very moment Clarice was seriously troubled as to whether she should just up and hang herself.

"Ah. Hm. Sleep well?"

Minwoo greeted her as if he hadn't seen anything. But his horrified gaze was still firmly fixed on her breasts.

"Hero-nim. This, is, that..."

At the shock that she was seen as a pervert that groped her breasts within a day of genderbending by the hero she admired, Clarice frantically sought an excuse. But even then her bad hand kept on massaging her breasts.

"T, touching them felt unexpectedly good... Ah, n, not in a weird way, but simply...!"

"Calm down. I get it. You used to be a man so that's more than excusable."

Minwoo reassured Clarice while looking away. At his kind reassurance Clarice despaired at being marked as a pervert that touched her breasts within a day of being genderbent.

Not like this! Clarice gave up on looking for excuses and made up her mind to have Minwoo understand her.

"That's right! That's more than possible as a man! Does Hero-nim want to touch them as well?!"

"Wha?!!"

Minwoo yelled. Without a moment's delay Clarice grabbed Minwoo's hand and smooshed it into one of her breasts. His large, coarse hand pressed roughly on her breast. At the unexpected pain Clarice squeezed her eyes shut.

The struggling hand gradually lost its strength and stuck to her breast. Having felt the change, Clarice slowly took her hand off his.

"How, how does it feel?"

Clarice cracked her eyes open. She was startled. Minwoo, who had never lost his gentlemanly manner had turned bright red and was staring at her breasts. Minwoo groped her breasts in turn. All of a sudden Clarice felt a tremor running down her spine.

"This, truly ama... zing. How do I say this."

Minwoo groped her breasts again. Again the tremor. Clarice unconsciously shivered. Minwoo noticed it, opened and shut his mouth a couple of times, swallowed, and said.

"Hey. Clarice."

"Yees?"

“I, ‘m not quite sure yet. Can I touch them some more?”

His voice was pleading as if thirsting for something. If she could sate his thirst by letting him touch her breasts, then surely why not, and so Clarice-

“Excuse me. Your Highness, are you awa...”

Karina opened the door and stopped talking.

“Ah.”

“Ah.”

“Ah.”

Silence fell over the room as if cold water had been dumped over the occupants. Early morning. The hero touching Her Highness’s breasts on the bed. Her eyes rolled around while Karina comprehended the situation and bowed.

“Excuse me. Feel free to call me again after you have finished your spousal activities.”

Spousal activities my ass?!

Before either of them could get a word in edgewise Karina left the room. The two of them could only stare blankly at the empty doorway, before realising their shamelessness and the shock that very quickly accompanied it.



Time passed, Karina came back and the two were sweating bullets as they explained. She only smiled, nodded and said she understood.

“But you must use birth control, alright? The wedding hasn’t even been scheduled yet.”

No matter how you looked at it it was obvious that she hadn’t understood.

When the sun was high in the sky, the two of them went out to the training grounds. The servants were absent because they thought they would get in the way of the troops. When Minwoo and Clarice made themselves known, the soldiers in the middle of training noticeably stirred up.

Of course, the reason was Clarice.

“Oh, oh my god! The prince really did turn into a woman just like the rumour said!”

“Then is it also true that the hero raised a tower between those breasts?”

“A, B, C, D, F... Ho, the bust size is going up and up?”

“Idiots! If it’s that big it’s not breasts anymore but a head! Cerberus! The prince turned into a Cerberus!”

“Let me touch your boobs!”

“Aahh... So big and beautiful!”

Shhing. Minwoo drew his sword.

“You lot fuck around any further and I stitch your testicles to your chests.”

.....

The training grounds fell deathly silent. Meanwhile Minwoo’s words made Clarice think. Ara? Then my testicles, they might have actually become my breasts?”

“Are you alright?”

Minwoo sheathed his sword and looked at Clarice who was deep in thought. He was worried that she’d be hurt by those thoughtless comments.

“I’m alright. They are surely not doing that out of malice either.”

Clarice forced out a smile. At this rate she’d reach nirvana if she went out again later.

“Let’s go where there aren’t any people first.”

Minwoo said, having glimpsed the Buddha in Clarice. Should he ask for a favour, he thought as Minwoo held Clarice’s hand and led her away. Not forgetting to flash the soldiers a look that said that he would be seeing them again at a later date.

A deserted corner of the training grounds. The ragged training dummies shook in the wind as if to welcome Minwoo. Peace fell with the wind’s arrival. Tracing the nicks and scars on the dummies, Minwoo thought back to the time where he had furiously trained while thinking of being a real hero.

How time had passed since then. He who had so desperately swung around a wooden sword back then, was now teaching Clarice right here in this spot. Minwoo smiled and turned to Clarice.

“Shall we start?”

The two began training. Normal princes typically learned swordsmanship either for protection or the battlefield, but Clarice, who was delicate and frail compared to her brothers, had been raised under fierce protection, so as if it were natural she knew nothing about swordsmanship.

To put it simply, a complete noob.

“Hek, hek. This, is quite tiring.”

Severe lack of exercise, to the point where only a few practice swings with the sword made her tired. Leaving aside the matter of her gender. Minwoo made up his mind to leave actual swordsmanship for the time being and focus on basic fitness.

“Clarice. With a sword, no, with martial arts, what do you think is the most important thing?”

“Eh? Um, strength?”

Minwoo shook his head before flexing his biceps.

“It’s muscle.”

His muscles bulged out appealingly. Clarice unconsciously rolled up her sleeves and flexed as well.

.....no response no matter how much strength she put in.

“D, don’t worry too much, it’s because you were turned into a woman. Besides, if you don’t have muscles, you can just make them.”

After that it was a hundred practice swings.

.....But Clarice collapsed before twenty.

“Hero-nim.”

“Mm.”

“My breasts are too heavy...”

Her(?) breasts were too big to swing around a sword with all her strength. Minwoo rubbed his face and took in his shock. He hadn't in his wildest dreams expected this to be a problem. Then again, some of the female warriors said that they got in the way and went as far as cutting them off. And others that just trained their bodies so hard their breasts became muscle.

.....except just one person, that threw her breasts around as if inviting people to stare at them, the pervert that somehow incorporated even that into her swordsmanship.

Whirr. At the vibrations in his pocket, Minwoo reached into his trouser pockets and took out a communications device

“Sorry, Clarice. I think I've got to head out for a bit, will you be fine training on your own for a bit?”

“I will be alright. Please go right ahead.”

After saying that he'd be back quick, Minwoo left. Left alone, Clarice swung her wooden sword, panted and struggled with her breasts, swung her wooden sword again, struggled with her breasts before throwing her wooden sword down onto the ground.

Ah damn it. I need to cut these off or something.

She noticed someone behind her. Clarice turned around and said.

“Hero-nim? Are you back alrea...?”

“Let me touch your boobs!”

The ff...

“Huh? Eh? Were, were you not one of the people at the training grounds?”

“Let me touch your boobs!!”

The soldier, with bloodshot eyes, wriggled his fingers around like tentacles and approached.

"N, nice weather we have today. Do you not have to train?"

"Let me touch your boobs!!!"

Clarice instinctively hid her breasts and stepped backwards. Th, this fellow... was 'real.'

"Is that so. It seems that training was quite harsh. I shall go to the knight order immediately and..."

"Let! Me! Touch! Your! BOOBS!!!!"

Waaaow. This person. He's crying! He's actually crying!

All of a sudden the soldier was right in front of her. Clarice screwed her eyes shut and yelled for the hero in her heart.

"What are you doing."

Just then she heard a cold and furious voice. Clarice opened her eyes.

"Hero-nim?!..... Eh?"

Now who the hell are you.

It was not Minwoo, but some other person. An unknown woman with her body beneath a robe. The face was covered by a hood so it was hard to tell who it was. Sunflower-blond hair cascaded out from inside the hood.

"My prince. Why are you disappointed?"

The blond woman asked. Something stung at Clarice's conscience so she averted her gaze. However, unlike the disappointed Clarice, the soldier seemed to know who she was and brought himself back to reason and snapped to attention.

.....so he had reason left after all, so Clarice thought, mildly surprised.

"Opupai Taisuki. Do you want to lose both your hands for lese majesty?"

"N, no, I, I'm sorry! Those breasts were so perfect I...!"

Clarice glared at him. Crazy little nutcase. And you call that an excuse?

“My prince. How should I deal with this one.”

“.....since he’s a part of the knights, would it not be best to with him by their regulations?”

All of a sudden she thought, the stranger’s voice sounded somewhat familiar. This woman, who was she?

“I shall fulfil your command. Opupai Taisuki, I shall see you later. Be sure to wash your wrists.”

“Hu, huk!”

As the woman eyed him to get lost the soldier,... that was, Opupai Taisuki or whatever fled and disappeared. When he vanished, Clarice finally said the question that had been on her mind all the while.

“That man. His name is Opupai Taisuki?”

“Yes. His name is Opupai, his surname is Taisuki.”

Clarice was lost for words. What kind of name is that.

.....on the other hand, it also seemed extremely fitting.

“My prince, are you hurt?”

“No, I’m fine...”

The blonde woman came closer. She was around a head taller than Clarice. Around Minwoo’s height? Nott only that, the body that the robe hid was quite the well-built one. Blonde, knight, well-build body. Just as Clarice remembered who she was, the woman took off her hood.

“Apologies for my late greetings. Vice-captain of the royal knights, Ericia. Greetings to Prince Clarice.”

Ericia got on her knees as accordance to protocol. That was it. She was the warrior of the hero party that defeated the demon king, the vice-captain of the royal knights.

Nicknamed ‘Exhibitionist Ericia.’



As Clarice left for the training grounds, she had dismissed her maid for the time being, and so having time on her hands, Karina headed to the Wizard's Tower. In front of her friend's office, the short haired glasses girl discovered a sign hanging on the door saying 'Not in right now!' complete with a winking face.

She ignored in and knocked on the door.

.....

Silence. There was no response.

Not like she'd expected one to begin with. Karina knocked again. This time, she switched up the pattern knock-kn-knock-knock-knockknockknock-knock! ringing clear sounds on the door. The apparently meaningless actions were actually a secret code between the two of them, that she was here on business related to the 'organisation.'

Naturally, said organisation was none other than Citizens that Love Clarice 'CLC,' and the signal was the melody of the CLC's official song 'Praise Clarice.'

"Come in."

Said the voice that was supposedly not in. At the same time, the lock opened and the door swung open. As Karina walked in, her body shivered in admiration at all the contents inside. They were so good that she wanted them no matter how many times she saw them.

"Don't look. I'm not giving them to you."

The owner of the office, Senyun, said hysterically. Yesterday she'd been thoroughly shaken down by the guards at Rien Palace so she was more than just a little bit on edge, about to explode at any moment.

"Cheapskate girly. You were in anyway so why'd you pretend you were out?"

Hmph. Senyun huffed as if she couldn't be bothered answering. Strictly speaking, she was 'not in right now.' Although it was 'not in (her right frame of mind because she

was thinking about the prince) right now.'

"In that case, why are you here? Surely you didn't play our prince's divine hymn to make small talk with me?"

"This kid. Of course not. Naturally, I came to talk about the princess."

"Princess..."

Senyun made a twisted face. If word had reached Karina's ears, just how far had news of the prince's gender change spread.

"So what? Are you here to resent me for me turning the prince into a woman?"

"Surely not."

Karina giggled. At that, Senyun was gripped by fear. This bitch isn't here to bitch at me but for my neck. But to such a Senyun, what Karina said next truly did leave Senyun at a loss for words.

"So what if Her Highness is a woman and so what if he's a man?"

Then she slu-rped and licked her chops.

"It doesn't matter as long as they taste good... I mean, whether she's a man or woman, Clarice is Clarice."

"....."

Senyun thought.

"This is complete and utter bullshit but it's oddly convincing."

Karina ignored Senyun who started becoming convinced, coolly looking around admiring the Clarice goods when she was startled due to a picture on the wall.

"Th, this?! Is this the rumoured 'I Became the Orc's Bride?!'"⁽¹⁾

That was a picture that depicted Clarice as a fallen woman after marrying an orc. Senyun had trawled the black market for it and only just managed to get it. Ahh. Karina was moved right there and then. Hoo hoo. Deep breaths. Deep breaths. She barely managed to tighten up her bladder.

She was glad that she'd worn a diaper before she came. Thank goodness for that.

"I'm not giving it to you no matter what you say."

"Kuk! I was cheated out of the chance to cheat you for it!"

".....Cheated?"

Now that had come up, Karina went into the main topic.

"You know that the princess's personal servant was changed, right?"

"Personal servant? That man?"

It just so happened that said personal servant was quite popular amongst the CLC, if not quite as popular as the hero. Did the fact that he was serving the prince make their hearts flutter in their eyes?

"Who was it changed to?"

Karina smiled brightly and answered.

"Me."

Senyun blinked.

".....Eh? Me? What a quaint name."

"No, me, it's me."

"Meits Me?"⁽²⁾

"It's me! You dummy! Karina! Me!"

Having finally understood that those were actual words, Senyun's face crumpled like an orc's.

"Madness! Why you!"

"Hohoho. That's not all. Do you know what I did after becoming Her Highness's personal maid?"

How would I know? The words Karina said to Senyun next were indeed ones that would make her clutch the back of her neck.⁽³⁾

"I even took a bath with the princess!"

Karina childishly boasted like a child showing off her new toy.

“L... Lies. It can’t be!”

“No, it’s true? The princess was crying because she couldn’t possibly bathe on her own. So she came to me and was all ‘Karina... heeelp meee... ’ and asked me to help her bathe! Wow. I swear my heart nearly stopped then and there.”

“This lunacy...”

To Senyun who was lost for words, Karina wiggled her finger around like a tentacle and smiled like a pervert.

“You know? The princess’s breasts are absolutely glorious. I still can’t forget how they felt.”

“This... This biiiitch!”

Senyun clenched her fists. She really wanted to slam a fireball right in her solar plexus.

“That’s right! Speaking of breasts, that reminds me.”

“Now what?”

Karina glanced around as if she was about to reveal a secret.

“I went to wake up Her Highness this morning, and well-”

And well? The loose end grated on Senyun, and what Karina said next made Senyun wonder if her ears had been lying to her this entire time.

“Her Highness slept with the hero!”

“.....Ha?”

Slept with?

“Slepwit?”

“.....That’s not funny so could you please stop that?”

Senyun started jumping around with her face turning all sorts of different shades of colour.

“What kind of bullshit is that! Why is he sleeping with the prince!”

“That’s not all! The hero, well-”

Well? Senyun bit on the trailing bait looking very ready to kill, and what Karina said next traumatised and terrified her.

“When I went into the room he was gleefully playing around with the princess’s breasts!”

Kaboom. A Meteor slammed through Karina’s head. Senyun’s eyes went bloodshot and not just that, her hands crushed themselves into fists as literal bloody tears leaked from her eyes. I, I haven’t even managed to touch. The prince’s body that even I haven’t touched...! This little fuckwit dares to get touchy-feely with those filthy mitts of his?!(4)

“Where.”

You didn’t need to look closely to notice Senyun was about to break someone’s neck. Naturally, Karina shrunk back, maybe she’d teased her a bit too much.

“Hm? What?”

“His Highness. Where is he.”

“Uh, mm.”

Hul.(5) If she told her this than wouldn’t it be big trouble? But her worries didn’t last long. A giant array of fireballs that formed behind Senyun’s back...!

“Training grounds! She said she was training with the hero and they went to the training grounds!”

That moment, a speeding wind brushed past Karina. It was Senyun. In Senyun’s mind, all that went through her head as she raced through the hallways faster than a blink of the eye was this.

I... I’m going to touch them too!

Chapter 14

Exhibitionist Eri

Ericia. Nickname Exhibitionist Eri. Clarice wasn't that close to her. Unlike her, her hyung-nims (orabunis?)(¹)distanced themselves from the sword, being more the scholarly type than a warrior. But she was a member of the hero party that had rescued her during the demon king crisis, and Clarice had a very deep respect and gratitude towards her.

To the point that she pitied the fact that this gallant and proud female knight, for some reason, had the shameful name of 'Exhibitionist Eri.'

"I heard the rumours, but you really did become a woman."

Ericia said after looking Clarice over a number of times. Clarice's eyes narrowed hesitantly.

"Rumours?"

"Nothing too major. Just that Your Highness couldn't endure your feelings for the hero and used a Potion of Changing Gender to become a woman."

That is very major!!

"What kind of nonsense..."

"Eh? Was that not it?"

Of course not. But Ericia looked surprised. At her reaction, Clarice asked further.

"How did you believe those rumours were right, Eri?"

"Well isn't Your Highness and the hero already in that kind of relationship?"

Clarice seriously did not want to enquire as to what 'that kind of relationship' entailed.

"People were saying. Yesterday, in front of all to see, the hero proposed to the prince-turned-woman."

“Proposed?!”

Clarice jumped upright. What manner of gibberish was this!

“Eri. Listen to me. That was a misunderstanding. The hero never did that.”

Ericia tilted her head and said innocently.

“But that’s what everyone’s saying? Her Majesty the queen was going to imprison you, but the hero rescued you from your predicament and confessed his love...”

Waaaaaaghgg!!! Clarice collapsed where she stood and despaired. What they had been fearing the previous day had actually happened.

What Ericia had heard went something along the lines of this.



– O hero! Why must you be the hero?!

Clarice loved the hero, but were separated by the gender boundary. In the end, he went to the palace sage and had a Potion of Changing Gender made for him.

– I swear. No matter if I have to abandon my gender and my royal status I will always love you.

– I too shall swear. Clarice. By the light of the moon that reflect your eyes, I will only love you!

And the two eventually overcame their gender differences and came together. And in front of them the villainess(=queen) appeared in front of them.

– Foolish ones. Feelings naturally fade as the flesh grows apart. I shall see if your love endures being separated by heaven and earth.

The villainess locked Clarice up in a tower high in the skies. But Clarice let down her massive breasts to the earth and allowed the hero climb up them. The two finally met again after overcoming gruelling trials. Yet on the way from escaping from the tower, they were cornered by the queen and her followers.

As the sword of death threatened their necks, the hero shouted in front of everyone.

– O heavens! If thou art merciful then hear my wish! I swore to have, hold and cherish my lover for my entire life! Please protect her!

Maybe the heavens were moved by their true love. The queen's frozen heart started to move. In the end, the queen acknowledged their love, took the hero in as her son-in-law and Clarice and the hero lived happily ever after.

Very good very good~



Having silently listened to the story, Clarice was completely and utterly lost for words. This went far beyond simple fabrication. Not less than a day had passed and let alone being fattened up everywhere, it had turned into some fairytale.

It went without saying that this was Father's fault. He was one to fight and win fair and square by fabrication and fanning flames.

"But. Did people really believe such ridiculous stories?"

"They did?"

Clarice shuddered at those words. This was a big problem. Everyone's insane. Just when had the palace become a house of madmen?

"But seeing the prince in person made me realise that the rumours were exaggerated."

Clarice sincerely wondered just where those rumours that wouldn't even appear in a third-rate tabloid were 'just' an exaggeration.

"The breasts of our prince that became a woman are big but not to the point where you could drop them from a tower."

".....Did you really need to confirm that for yourself?"

Clarice's evaluation of Ericia took a freefall. Gallant and proud female knight + idiot.

Then again, it seemed like there had been people at the training grounds saying something of the sort. Haha. Clarice could only laugh emotionlessly. No wonder the

royal knights got the crap beaten out of them by the demon army.

“Anyway. Since you say it’s not the case, I shall understand as such.”

“It’s not a case of understanding that wasn’t how it went, it never actually was like that in the first place!”

“But why is Your Highness at the training grounds alone?”

Eri naturally let the topic pass over. Having nothing to say, as well as not wanting to wrestle over the topic any longer, she explained why she was there.

“Indeed. The hero teaching the prince swordplay... Hm...”

Ericia held her chin while giving Clarice a look that went unnoticed by her. She said with a doubtful voice.

“I worry if he really could teach Your Highness properly.”

“Worry? Why?”

“Maybe if our prince was a man, but now you are a woman. From the beginning, as the bodies of men and women are fundamentally different, if you train like men do, your body may suffer for it.”

Clarice unconsciously looked down at her breasts. Definitely. If she brute-forced it like him then her shoulders might fall off.

“My prince. As arrogant as I may sound, how about learning from me? As a fellow woman I shall teach you every step of the way.”

Clarice was troubled. Although she wanted to learn swordplay from the hero she admired, her words sounded sincere. To such a hesitant Clarice, Ericia put forward a reasonable offer.

“If you’re feeling so hesitant, how about this? Since it seems like it’ll take some time before the hero comes back, learn from me until he gets back. You can make your decision then.”

“.....Mm. Than can I trouble you? Eri?”

“Of course. This Ericia, shall dutifully teach my prince to the best of my ability.”

Ericia smiled reassuringly. Clarice decided to reevaluate Ericia in her mind. Although she seemed to have muscles for brains, it seemed like she was a good person.

The end result. Clarice realised.

Just why she was called 'Exhibitionist Eri.'



Ericia. Nickname Exhibitionist Eri. Vice-captain and one of the few female knights in the kingdom's knight order, during the demon king crisis, among the endless string of defeats at the hands of the demon king army, she was famous as one of the few soldiers that rang the gongs of victory. Back when Minwoo was active as the hero, he had received an urgent message to help out the encircled kingdom army, and at the time it was Ericia that had almost single-handedly fended off the demon king army as the vanguard.

There were two reasons why Ericia was so effective against the demon king army.

Firstly, the demon king army was set up specifically to face 'men.' To satisfy the tastes of the lusty demon king they were fully focused on capturing men, and naturally, the strong warriors of the kingdom were no exception. Because of this, women were completely out of their strike zone, and their 'anti-men magic' didn't affect Ericia, a woman.

Second. Ericia, too, was a warrior specialized in fighting 'men.' Since it was an army that had to suit the demon king's preferences, naturally it comprised of purely men. Because of this, their overwhelming strength when facing men was useless against Ericia.

As for how Ericia could fight men on equal terms—

"E, E, Eri. Uh, umeruh, why..."

To Ericia, who had taken off her robe for teaching swordplay, Clarice shouted aghast.

"Why are you only wearing underwear?!?!!!!!!"

Since she so casually tossed off her outer robe Clarice thought that she was wearing armour underneath or something... but Ericia was only wearing two pieces of underwear under that robe of hers. A gold brassier that only just covered up her

breasts that could rival Clarice's, and gold panties that only barely hid her full butt and crotch from sight.

This was no better than being naked... at her shameless appearance that served to embarrass anyone watching, Clarice quickly covered her eyes with her hands.

"Underwear? Ah, you mean this?"

Ericia put one hand on her panty thigh line and said proudly without a single trace of embarrassment.

"This is armour, my prince."

"A, armourrrr?"

Armour. That's right. Like she said, the brassier and panties that she wore were actually armour. As if it was made of actual gold, her panties and brassiere shimmered with a gold light unlike any other underwear Clarice had ever seen.

Clarice removed her hands, opened her eyes a slit and stared at the armour. She made an effort to specifically look only at the armour and not Eri's perfect body.

"What kind of lunatic makes armour like that?"

Ericia scowled.

"My prince. No matter whether you are the prince or not, I cannot endure you insulting this bikini armour that survived life-and-death trials with me."

Clarice was taken aback by the fact Ericia's rage was actually genuine. Dafuq did this person just say? Bikini armour? Bikini, armour??

"That, bikini, you mean the swimsuit that's been popular among the commoners lately?"

"My. Please don't misunderstand. Bikini armour is on a completely different dimension than a simple bikini."

Sometimes, people mentioned someone talking in the fourth dimension. Was this a similar dimension to that?⁽²⁾

“I know quite well the doubts that my prince is holding. People who see this armour for the first time often doubt its effectiveness.”

If it ended with just doubt then that would be a relief. Right now in Clarice’s mind, her evaluation of Erica was plummeting again and had hit the ground.

However, you could always go deeper.

“My prince, have you ever heard of ‘Womb Power?’⁽³⁾”

????????????????

Clarice raised a bunch of question marks.

“Eh? W, womb, what?”

“Womb Power. Your Highness might be aware of this, but women’s wombs have a very special power within them.”

Erica stroked her well-ripped lower belly as if she was proud of it. Clarice was dumbfounded.

‘Is this person in her right mind?’

“The majority of women live life without knowing. But people like me, who can use the hidden feminine powers that the womb, exist.”

“.....”

“This strength is best when it is used to subdue men of the opposite gender. The reason that I could fight so well against the demon king army was all because of this Womb Power. But there is a specific condition to use such a potent power.”

“.....”

“The user must be aware of and bare her femininity to the world. That is why bikini armour exists.”

To sum it up, this Womb Power or whatever’s strength was directly proportional to a woman’s exposure, and for that, wearing bikini armour, which covered as little of the body as possible, was effective.

“.....In that case wouldn’t it be better to just run around naked?”

Clarice said, unable to hide her disgust. Fu. Ericia merely sniffed and shook her head.

“How pure. Exposure is only meaningful when there is sufficient coverage. No matter how attractive a woman you are, if you strut around butt naked than you would be nothing more than a simple slut.”

Clarice decided to stop talking. The reason that she was called Exhibitionist Eri was because of this perverted philosophy. Now Clarice’s evaluation of Ericia had broken through the mantle and was about to reach the core. To think that Hero-nim adventured with this pervert among perverts. She could only lament in her sorrow.

Whether the person herself was aware of Clarice’s feelings or not, Ericia nonchalantly continued.

“My explanation has drawn out. Anyways, now I shall be teaching my prince about Womb Power.”

Clarice doubted her ears.

“You’re teaching me what? Womb Power?”

“? Does it not suit your taste?”

That wasn’t the problem.

“Waitwaitwait, you said you’d teach me swordsmanship but what the heck does Womb Power have...!”

“Oh. Did I not tell you? My swordsmanship is one that make use of Womb Power. To use it, you must first learn how to use Womb Power.”

This was the first time Clarice heard of this. If she knew that beforehand then she wouldn’t even have thought about learning from her to begin with!

“Uh... Eri. It might be better if we thought this problem over again. It might be the best if I learned from Hero-nim...”

“Your Highness.”

Ericia had suddenly grabbed Clarice’s backpedalling shoulders.

“It’s too late.”

She was smiling like a god of death.

“What, might, be?”

“My prince. I have always agonised over this.”

Ericia was the Warrior of the hero party, as well as the vice-captain of the knight order despite being a woman, yet she had one problem not many knew about. It was the fact that other people didn't recognise the wonders of Womb Power.

Of course she did try to spread it to others. However, most of the reactions went along the lines of “If you say so(Minwoo)”, “In your dreams(Senyun)” as if she was an idiot. The only one that seemed enthusiastic about Womb Power was the Priestess, but once she learned it was not used for lewd purposes she lost all interest.

“But now it shall remain in contempt no more. If my prince learns Womb Power, and if it becomes known to the people that your swordsmanship incorporates it! No one will treat this power like a fool any longer! You and me! All will praise this power used by the treasure of the kingdom Prince Clarice until their throats are hoarse!”

The sorrow and desire that she'd kept burning in her heart had nearly reached a frenzy. Clarice thought. They wouldn't treat you like an idiot but a pervert!

“My prince! To me, you are a new light! The opportunity that came like a miracle, I shall think of this as an omen from the heavens and not let it pass! Become the fertiliser for Womb Power to spread far and wide!”

This was it. This was Ericia's objective. Having shown her true colours, Ericia grabbed Clarice's clothes. At that moment, a blinding light shone from Clarice's clothes.

“Uwoo!! My eyes!!”

“Now! My prince! Let us begin! The first lesson in Womb Power!! Our historical first step!!!”

Clarice was so horrified her jaw nearly hit the ground. As the light gradually faded her body felt somewhat chilly all of a sudden, and her clothes, her clothes-

“Bi, bikini armooouuurrrrrr?!!!!?!!!!”

.....Had turned into bikini armour.

Chapter 15

It should have been nonsense

Panty. Brassiere. Bikini... armour. Clarice tentatively poked at her clothes that had transformed like a snake sneaking through the wall⁽¹⁾, screamed loudly enough to shake the training grounds, and dropped to the ground. Turning red as a tomato and trembling like a leaf she desperately tried to cover up her chest and butt.

“Indeed. What a clean white. It suits you. This ‘bikini armour quickchange magic’ is a spell that quickly replaces your clothes and underwear with bikini armour. In case of an emergency there’s nothing quite like it. It doesn’t matter if you wear nothing but a robe over the top like me, but as my prince has your status to think of, it might be best to learn this.

Ericia proudly raised her thumb and grinned.

“By the way, the shape and colour of the armour is affected by the user’s underwear’s shape and colour, so if only for appearance’s sake, wearing pretty underwear is better, please bear that in mind?”

Wink★ Ericia winked cutely. As soon as she did a wooden sword flew her way and hit her right between her eyebrows.

“Kaaaahk!”

“You crazy bitch! I never wanted to learn this shit!”

Having picked herself up, Ericia rubbed her red forehead and pleaded.

“Y, Your Highness... calm down. There were some curse words that leaked out there. Please use pretty and elegant words instead!”

So she said it prettily and elegantly.

“♥♥♥You crazy bitch♥♥♥ ★I never☆wanted★to learn☆this shit★”

“No, just because you decorate it doesn’t mean the words become pretty... Kuk!!”

Ericia took a direct hit from the follow up projectiles and fell over. Clarice threw everything she had at hand and threw it as hard as she could. Grass, dirt, rock, dummy, rock, rock, rock, boulder...

“Wait! Stop! I’m really gonna die! I’m gonna die!”

Kuuuuuuuuuuuuuakkk!! Ericia’s pitiful screams rang loud and clear through the training grounds.

.....Unfortunately her prided Womb Power might be able to stop men but it seemed that the power of nature (=stoning) was something it didn’t seem like it could block.



“Very good. Then let’s begin. First, close your eyes and take slow deep breaths.”

Clarice eventually decided to learn it. What? Womb Power. Of course, she didn’t have a speck or iota of willingness to actually learn it, and she had tried to make a run for it as well. However, Ericia clung to her revealing the whites of her eyes and threatened (“this bikini armour quickchange magic works on men as well! Do you want to see your beloved hero in bikini armour?!”) and her begging apology (“I was kidding earlier! If you just learn Womb Power I’ll return your clothes to normal! Surely you wouldn’t want Hero-nim to see you in that state?!”) she could only clench her teeth and learn.

“Eri. Before that, at least something to cover up...”

Clarice half-cried, looking around as she stood up awkwardly covering her breasts and crotch. She was scared of other soldiers like that pervert ‘Opupai Taisuki’ or whatever coming around. She didn’t want to imagine it. It was wretched.

She didn’t think she’d experience something this shameful after the demon king’s castle... who would have thought. Only a one letter difference between demon king castle and royal castle.⁽²⁾ That this was a madhouse filled with lunatics completely off their rocker. That the hero’s suggestion last night to run away was the right one a hundred times over.

“Oho. Tsssp.⁽³⁾ No you may not. In that case wouldn’t Womb Power weaken?”

“Uwwwuuu, you just said I had to learn it...!”

Clarice let out a voice of resentment. Tears formed in her eyes red-hot from embarrassment.

“Well, if you’re learning it anyway, wouldn’t it be better to learn it properly? Now, my prince. Attention.”

Clarice shot Ericia a gaze of complaint. But her appearance where she desperately tried to hide her body while glaring with an ashamed face was, rather than threatening, well... Highly stimulating.

Ericia thought. On no. I want to tease her now...

“Eri.”

“Yes?”

“Why is your nose bleeding?”

Wipe. Ericia wiped her nose with her forearm.

“You must have seen wrong. That was not a nosebleed, but snot.”

“No. There are bloodstains on your nose...”

“It’s snot.”

“.....”

Clarice thought well okay then.

“Before that, let us begin. Surely we should finish up before the hero arrives?”

Ericia pettily attempted to play long with Clarice and naturally said so.... Even if she dragged it out would anything change? Clarice decided to drop it and follow her. Her hands stopped trying to cover up and she stood at attention.

Under the bright sun, the light revealed Clarice’s smooth, white skin combined with a pure white bikini armour that combined to form an alluring half-naked figure. Clarice gnawed on her lip in her embarrassment that nearly reached her limits. It was called bikini armour, but this was just underwear. And right now she was no different from a slut wearing nothing but underwear outdoors.

Like the bitch right in front of her spouting a massive nosebleed with her thumb up.

“Very good. Now close your eyes and slowly breathe deeply.”

Clarice shut her eyes and breathed. In this ridiculous situation, now that her vision was sealed off her entire body felt like it was hypersensitive. Her heart beat like mad. Cold sweat ran around her entire body. There was no wind but her entire body quivered from a chill and felt dismal. If Hero-nim saw right now she was finished. Socially. Her honour. Various other meanings.

“Concentrate on your lower abdomen. Like you would feel mana from nature, feel the presence of your womb hidden deep in your lower abdomen.”

Clarice unconsciously scoffed. There’s no way she would feel anything like that. Right now her attempts to learn Womb Power were nothing more than her playing along with Ericia.

Clarice genuinely debunked this Womb Power that Eri was advocating as bullshit. While Ericia was most certainly a skilled fighter, she had simply convinced herself like so due to her exhibitionist tendencies, living up to her Exhibitionist title. That was far more credible.

‘How did she become like that. Poor woman...’

She did feel kind of sorry for her. Just as a madman didn’t wish to be mad, she didn’t become a pervert because she wanted to. At least I should treat her well, such kindly thoughts went through her head. So Clarice decided to do as she said. Following her words, Clarice tried to feel the presence of her womb slumbering deep in her lower belly.

Because Womb Power was nothing more than nonsense after all.

.....It should have been.

“That’s it! The symbol has started appearing!”

Ha?

Clarice opened her eyes and looked down at her belly. She’d been feeling an odd hot

sensation from her lower abdomen, and something worth shuddering over was happening.

‘ ’

On the abdomen of the brightly-smiling Eri, at some point the same symbol had also appeared. Clarice’s eyes jerked around madly. At this moment, Clarice was undergoing a culture shock that her common sense and values simply could not keep up with.

“To think that you could show the signs this quickly... My intuition wasn’t wrong. I knew my prince could do it!”

“No no, isn’t that weird itself! Eri! I used to be a man! I was a man just yesterday! Can a man like me use Womb Power which is supposedly a woman’s power?!”

Clarice immediately rebutted. As if to rebel against this ridiculous reality.

“But aren’t you a woman now?”

Boom. At the heartless fact the resistance movement collapsed. Yes. She was a woman now. Man or whatever, she was a woman now... Although out of left field, Clarice accepted it. No, more than acceptance, this was the nail hammered into the coffin.

That she was a woman womanly enough to use Womb Power.

“My prince was always quite feminine to begin with.”

“Eri. Please shut up.”

Did she want to fan the flames or something.

“Anyway, now that I’ve learnt Womb Power return my clothes back to normal.”

“Eh? Learned? Just feeling it is just the tip of the iceberg. At the very least you need to learn how to use it.”

Eri said coolly. Oi, what’s with the change of heart now? Clarice glared at her, but turned her head and accepted it.

“.....Please end it quickly.”

She felt like the rabbit hole was only getting deeper.



Correction. Apologies to the deep rabbit hole. Sorry. Rabbit hole. Clarice profusely apologised to the hole in her mind, and clutched her head. It was simply lamentable how had things come to the present situation.

“Breasts are a symbol of women. Thus, it falls within the domain of Womb Power. Do you see? Draw the Womb Power up into your breasts. Then like this-”

Even though her hands were nowhere near, Ericia’s breasts started jiggling around in circles. They shook in a strict rhythm as if following a beat. Clarice thought who knew that strict rhythm could actually look this lewd.

“.....Eri. Surely you’re not telling me to follow that? Please tell me you’re not.”

It wasn’t. That is, she wasn’t not. Eventually, Clarice held in her tears and followed. Jiggle swish. Unlike Ericia, her own breasts shook like they’d burst out at any minute. It was probably due to her lack of control, but she lacked not a single, teensy little bit of regret.

“My goodness. To think you’d awake to it this quickly. My prince, you might surpass me at this! No, you definitely will!”

Was that something to be proud of? Was that really something to be proud of?

“Then onto the next step... Hm?”

Ericia turned her head around. Had the hero arrived, Clarice’s line of sight hurriedly followed. At the end of her line of sight were the trees that surrounded the courtyard. No one was there.

She could hear the wind though.

“I thought there was someone there, but it must have been my imagination.”

“Thank goodness.”

Seriously.

“The next step is using the momentum of your breasts in the first movement of the Womb Style.”

“Is that name seriously alright?”

“It’s alright. There’s no problem.”

But there might be a problem in her head.

Saying that she’d demonstrate the first movement, Ericia stood in front of the training dummy, gripped the wooden sword(the one Clarice had thrown at her earlier) and took a stance. If you looked at the stance alone it was quite impressive, but those bloody jiggling breasts blocked everything. To the point where that you could wonder whether this was a swordsmanship demonstration or a puppet show.

“Haap!”

At one moment, her breasts seemed to lean heavily in one direction, and then swung out like a cannon. At the same time, Ericia was swept along with that massive momentum and swung the wooden sword.

A flash of light swept the world.

Pishuu! An ear rending roar and a sharp wind whipped up. Clarice couldn’t take the force of the wind and fell down on her butt. More than the pain, her face was frozen in shock at the sight in front of her.

‘Eh? What’s this? Can this be that strong? Just breasts??’

How ridiculous was this that she thought it might not be bad to learn it... was the devil, no, the pervert’s whisper in her ear.

Ericia tossed the shattered wooden sword and said.

“Did you see? Later on there are even more spectacular ones than this. How is it? Isn’t it better than the hero?”

Clarice thought. Spectacular it may be, Hero-nim doesn’t do perverted things like you do. And call for the hero and he comes-

“Who’s better than me now?”

“Hii, hiiiik?! Hero-nim?!!!”

“Oh, it’s been a while. Minwoo!”

Unlike Clarice who immediately dropped to the ground desperately trying to hide her body, Ericia greeted Minwoo like she would an old friend. Minwoo looked around the dump that was left of the training grounds, looked at Ericia who was cheerfully laughing hahaha! And blanched.

“You crazy bitch. Are you streaking again?!”

“Embarrassed as always. It’s because you keep grumbling like that the priestess keeps calling you an unripe pepper.”⁽⁴⁾

“Shut up! You should be the embarrassed one here!”

Minwoo turned his reddened face and shouted. Seriously, the noble knight and the pure priestess were both being perverts as a pair, he was almost ashamed to admit that he had adventured with them.

“But where did Clarice go and you’re here...”

Minwoo stopped talking. He saw white. Elegant white underwear. A beautiful fairy wearing nothing but said elegant white underwear. He saw the beautiful fairy wearing nothing but elegant white underwear that was desperately squirming around trying to cover up her dazzling body.

It was Clarice.

He rubbed his eyes thinking he was seeing things.

It was Clarice.

“He-Hero-niiim... Please don’t look at me... Sob...”

Minwoo unconsciously had a nosebleed and thought.

Marriage, might not be too bad.

Chapter 16

There's something called the butterfly effect

Marriage, might not be too bad.

My ass it would! What do you mean not bad! Focus! Focus! Park Minwoo!

As if to shake off the king's sinister laugh he felt he could hear from over there, Minwoo grabbed his hair and shook his head around. All of a sudden a bolt of thought went through his head. That's it. Don't panic. This is all the king's trap.

Having received the king's communication line and eventually shaken off his trivial small talk ("So when would be a good date for the wedding?", "When would be a good date for your funeral?") and what he came back to with perfect timing was Clarice wearing clothes as if to seduce him... No matter how you looked at it you could only see it as the two of them having set this up.

"Haha. What kind of ridiculous words are those? I only taught His Highness swordplay while you were gone?"

"Is that true?"

Minwoo asked, taking off his overcoat and covering Clarice with it. Poor Clarice. Just how much had she suffered by that pervert. Clutching at the overcoat with quivering hands, Clarice thanked him and said with tearful eyes.

"Hero-nim. You cannot take Eri's words at face value. She did not simply teach me swordplay."

Look at this. Clarice said as she slightly opened up the overcoat to reveal her breasts. Boing~ At the overwhelming sight, no scenery, Minwoo's breath caught in his throat.

"Hero-nim."

"Hm?"

"I wanted to ask this a while ago, but why do you have a nosebleed?"

Minwoo hurriedly stoppered his nose.

“S, sorry. I haven’t been feeling too great lately...”

“Oh dear! Then I must tell the palace doctors to make you some medicine.”

“No no, it’s okay! I’ll be better with some rest so no need!”

“.....Hooh.”

Ericia folded her arms and gave them an amused look. Minwoo, your nose marked with bloodstains as well so why bother holding up your image, she wanted to pipe in. Minwoo turned his eyes back between the overcoat again. As if to calm himself down he coughed and asked.

“So what about it?”

“My brassi... Awuu, th, that’s Ericia turned my clothes into bikini armour!”

Minwoo stared at Clarice’s bikini armour. With absolutely no impure thoughts, but like Clarice said, it was sparking like Ericia’s own bikini armour. Minwoo gulped and looked downwards. Absolutely no impure thoughts involved, but he wanted to check if her panties were the same. He had absolutely no impure thoughts.

‘ , ,

Just above her captivating Mound of Venus was a familiar symbol. Minwoo’s expression gradually stiffened. Womb Power. A power that he had once denounced as bullshit and even now wanted to continue denouncing. Since it was Ericia who had constantly preached on and on about wanting to spread Womb Power to women on their travels, Minwoo understood the situation in an instant.

“The crap did you do you dumbass! If you want to be a pervert do it on your own!”

“Ha? P, pervert?! Are you mocking me!?”

How did she understand so perfectly?

“Enough of that, return Clarice’s clothes quickly.”

Nod nod! Clarice nodded strongly as if to agree with him. Ericia’s eyes widened before she made a bashful expression, averting her gaze.

“Uh. Erm. That is...”

“What?”

“You can change as you will but not so in reverse.”

Thud. Clarice turned sheet-white, swaying. Minwoo hurriedly supported her up. Clarice withered like a manman.

“Damn it all... Then I, what did I go through all this...”

“Calm down Clarice!”

Held firmly in Minwoo’s embrace, Clarice sobbed and wept. Minwoo stroked Clarice’s small back. Clarice wiped her fine nose and looked up at Minwoo. Her face streaked with snot and tears was so cute it could give someone a heart attack.

“Hero-nim. Just one thing, could I please ask for just one thing?”

“Of course. Go ahead.”

At that moment, with a yaksha-like face,⁽¹⁾ Clarice glanced over at Ericia.

“Please kill that motherfucker.”

“”Hut?!””(2)

If looks could kill, Ericia would have died several hundred times over. Even as Minwoo’s scalp and hair quivered in fear at the quick change in mood, he nodded. Just how shocked and enraged must Clarice be.

“Y, Your Highness! Please calm yourself! It was my fault! My greed and desire drove me to a sin I should die for!”

Ericia quickly dropped to her knees and bowed her head. It was a narrow-minded action that, knowing Clarice’s gentle personality, she might forgive her if she did so.

But alas.

“Then die.”

“.....Eh?”

“Seriously die. Don’t just say it with words, I should die for my sins, but please kill yourself right here, right now.”

Having been driven right to the very edge with all that had happened lately, such petty tricks didn't work on Clarice. Shiing. Minwoo drew his sword. Ericia sweated bullets and smiled nervously.

Ah. Fuck.

Kuaaaaaaaaaaakk!! Ericia's desperate screams rang throughout the training grounds.



Senyun had been there. She had been hiding behind a tree watching everything. She watched very clearly as that exhibitionist dared to disgrace her prince-nim. She was so angry in the middle she nearly shattered the tree and was very nearly caught by Ericia, but she just avoided getting discovered. It was due to her long experience of sneakily taking photos under invisibility magic.

Right now, Senyun was in a secret basement in the city. As the main headquarters of the CLC, all the customers were fervent CLC members. As Senyun sat sighing at the bar while guzzling wine, someone approached Senyun.

"We Need a Prince-nim?"⁽³⁾

Senyun turned around with a tired look.

".....Haaa. 'Clariceisaprince'-nim?"⁽⁴⁾

Clariceisaprince, or 'Isaprince' for short, nodded and took a seat beside Senyun. Today Senyun had come to make a trade with her. Of course, even if she hadn't she'd still be here to drown her sorrows...

Isaprince ordered wine from the bartender and asked Clarice with a worried look.

"You look tired."

".....Haa. No, well... It's been tough lately..."

She couldn't deny it. Senyun's mind right now no different to being totally trashed. Having turned His Highness into a woman with her own hands, today she even saw His Highness don bikini armour and learn Womb Power. Although His Highness in bikini armour was shockingly seductive,..... In Senyun's heart, the passion, fervour

and emotion didn't rise up like it used to.

Just the world tumbling down around her.

"You brought the goods?"

".....Haa. Of course."

Senyun pulled out the goods, Clarice's panties, well packaged. Isaprinced's eyes lit up and reached for them. Senyun quickly shooed away that hand and held out her own.

"Oh dear, I was too excited. Here. 1 gold."

Isaprinced took out a gold coin and handed it over. Senyun stared at the 1 gold in her hand before flatly saying.

"1 gold is too little. Let's make it 4 gold."

"Eh? No, you were the one who said 1 gold..."

"4 gold. Make it 4 gold."

Isaprinced jumped up in protest.

"Just how are you raising the price up by four times?! 1 gold 50 silver."

Senyun flatly said.

"4 gold."

"2 gold. It's double, double!"

Senyun flatly said.

"4 gold."

"2 gold 50 silver."

Senyun flatly said.

"4 gold."

Isaprinced brushed back her front hair and gaped.

“No way... 3 gold. This is still 3 times. It went up by 3 times. This is a ridiculous price hike!”

And Senyun flatly said.

“4 gold.”

“Damn it! I get it! 4 gold!”

Isaprince finally waved the white flag and handed over the remaining 3 gold. Having made such ridiculous profits, Senyun calmly put away her 4 gold. She felt a little bit better.

“Don’t be like that. These were worn by Prince Clarice himself.”

Isaprince thought. And whose fault is it!!

“But is it really alright to sell it to me? If it were me I’d use these as a family heirloom...”

Isaprince asked, after burying her nose deep inside the panties and sniffing around. Instead of answering, Senyun downed her wine again. To be honest, it wasn’t just the panties. Since Senyun saw the prince at the training grounds, Senyun had been in and out of the underground market, disposing of her goods.

It wasn’t that she’d come to dislike the prince. Far from it. But... Lately, whenever she brought up the prince in her mind, his figure as a woman wavered in her mind’s eye. Whenever she faced the reality that the prince was now a woman, her heart hurt like it was being stabbed with a sharp knife. She couldn’t stand it any longer.

So Senyun quit daydreaming about the prince she liked.

So Senyun stopped wearing the underwear of the prince she liked.

So Senyun decided to dispose of the goods that reminded her of the prince.

“That reminds me. Are the rumours true?”

Isaprince clapped her hands and said. Senyun had a rough idea of what was coming next, but pretended to be interested as if she didn’t know.

“Rumours?”

“You know-”

Isaprinced glanced around before secretly whispering.

“The rumours that the prince couldn’t stand his feelings for the hero anymore and became a woman.”

“.....”

“Prince-shi⁽⁵⁾ works in the palace, no? So I thought you’d know something... Uh, mm...”

Noticing Senyun’s frigid look, Isaprinced nervously let the end of her sentence trail out. If looks could kill, wouldn’t she be dead several hundred times over?

“Sorry. Never mind then...”

Haaaaaa. Senyun sighed long and deeply.

“.....You want to hear?”

“Eh?”

Senyun took another swig of her wine. Senyun’s face had flushed noticeably enough that it was noticeable even in the dim lights. Isaprinced realised that the wine she was drinking was of a quite high concentration as well.

Senyun scoffed at no one and said.

“Rumours.”

They say there’s a thing called the butterfly effect.

When you look back... That was the beginning.

Author’s Note

Heave ho heave ho finally in the middle.

Thanks for everyone who commented and supported this work! I’ll do my best!

(1) Yaksha: Creature in Buddhism. Japanese yasha/yaksha look (allegedly) something like this

(2) Gasp SFX

(3) Originally in English

(4) Not sure whether I've explained this joke before or not, but 왕자지 can be split into 2 VERY different meanings, depending on how you choose to read it. 왕자 지 = is a prince or 왕 자지 = big penis, i.e. this 'username' can be translated as either 'Clarice is a prince' or 'Clarice has a massive dick.' Amazing what you learn when you start reading KR translations of JP porn. EleGiggle

(5) Prince, in English, as in Senyun's abbreviated 'username.'

(5.5) -shi = honorific used to address people you are not very familiar with, but are on roughly equal terms with. Rough equivalent would be the Japanese -san



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